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THE DEATH OF THE LORD MAYOR OF CORK, AS A RESULT OF HIS HUNGER STRIKE:

THE LATE ALDERMAN TERENCE McSWINEY.

Alderman Terence McSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, died in hospital in Brixton Prison at 5.40 on the morning of October 25, on the seventy-fourth day of his hunger-strike. Alderman McSwiney, it will be recalled, became Lord Mayor of Cork in succession to Lord Mayor McCurtain. He came into direct conflict with the British authorities in his capacity as Commandant of the Cork Brigade of the Irish Republican Army. He was arrested in Cork on August 12, and four

days later was convicted by court-martial, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for being in possession of a police cypher and seditious documents. He was brought to England on August 17 after having begun his hunger-strike, and from that time remained in hospital at Brixton Prison, where the greatest care was taken of him, and every inducement made to persuade him to take the nourishment that was always awaiting him. He was in his forty-first year.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

BOLSHEVISM, I suppose, in the sense of the action of the Red Guards, might truly be described as painting the town red. And the old slang metaphor is the more suitable because it is only a town that can be painted red. Nobody ever imagined anyone painting the country red. It is at most the municipalities that become in that sense Socialist. Painting a town red may seem a large metaphor; but, after all, it is a limited one—it is only imaginable because it is limited. Hilarious Oxford undergraduates used to paint their tutors' front doors some such vivid colour; and after that it is only a matter of degree, and needs but a few finishing touches, to transform Old Tom or the Bodleian to the same tint. But no undergraduate, in his happiest hour, ever proposed to extend the process from Oxford to Oxfordshire. Nobody proposed to go out with little camel's-hair brushes (I trust this will not be printed as camel's hair-brushes), or anyhow, with little paint-brushes, to paint all the little blades of grass.

Nobody proposes to advance against a summer forest, and artificially colour it like an autumn forest. It would be a large undertaking to promise not merely to paint the lily, but to paint all the daisies and dandelions. It would be a considerable ambition to turn all the rivers into blood, and incarnadine the multitudinous sea; and the undergraduate in Oxfordshire would probably prefer his own original and more modest ambition of setting the Thames on fire. But this wild vision is not wilder or more impossible than that of certain progressive prigs in the towns, who think they can apply their particular political colour to the whole of the rooted and varied social life of the countryside of Christendom. It is possible to establish in a modern city something like this sort of Semitic

Socialism, precisely because the modern city is already so much dulled and crushed by Capitalism. In other words, it is possible for revolution to paint the town red, as it has already been possible for smoke and soot to paint it black. But it is only possible because the process is not really a revolution, or even an anarchy, but rather an ugly uniformity. It is only possible because a society is ruled by only one group possessed of only one idea. A free people would prefer to paint their town all the colours of the rainbow.

But when this is admitted, it will be well to add that I do not think the Bolshevik notion of painting the town red a shade more foolish than the Imperialist notion of painting the map red. Both the patriotism of the wrong sort of Jingo and the cosmopolitanism of the wrong sort of Jacobin rest on the same vulgar delusion—the idea of laying his own Cockney limitations on the liberties of all mankind. For, indeed, the things which are now commonly called contrary errors are very often the same error. And I should be sorry if anything I wrote here, in criticism of what is called revolutionary, were taken as indicating the faintest approval of the greater part of what is

called reactionary. And I have taken this working metaphor of painting the town red, not merely as an attack on the wrong sort of revolutionists, but as involving in a convenient form the real attack upon the wrong sort of reactionaries. Having said so much about the errors of the Progressive, I should like to say something about the errors of the Conservative. But, as a matter of fact, the Conservative has exactly the same error as the Progressive. It consists in the fact that each of them allows truth to be determined by time. That is to say, he judges a thing by whether it is of yesterday or to-day or to-morrow, and not by what it is in eternity.

It is unreasonable to paint the town red in the sense of painting the lamp-posts red because the pillar-box is red. That is, it is unreasonable to apply one idea, like the idea of Collectivism, to the complexity of the whole community. But there is one idea that is more unreasonable still. And that

not that it loves the past, but rather that it loves the present—a far more absurd appetite. It is an essentially impossible illusion, for it is perpetually destroying itself. Every step of the Progressive becomes a status for the Conservative. Every wicked revolution becomes a worthy institution. Every abominable thing that is attempted becomes an admirable thing because it has succeeded—not because it is a successful institution, but solely because it has been a successful revolution. A Conservative often means merely a man who conserves revolutions.

It might be expressed by saying that I may be a reactionary, but I am sure I am not a Conservative. I am a reactionary, in the true sense that I would react against a great many things in the past as well as the present. I would test them not by a calendar which records whether they have happened, but by a creed which decides whether they ought to happen. Some of the things I

desire have already happened, and I would therefore preserve them; others have not yet happened, and I would therefore join in any revolution to obtain them. But the test for painting the town red is whether I like red, not whether I like the day before yesterday or the middle of next week. All this is absurdly obvious, but it is still more absurdly neglected. And the neglect of it has a great deal to do with the present difficulties of industrial democracy. Those who believe themselves to be wisely resisting change are often simply tying themselves to the most recent changes. For instance, there is no particular reason why those who sincerely believe in a sort of territorial Toryism should undertake the desperate defence of industrial Capitalism. There is no reason why the heirs of the



A PICTURESQUE GROUP AT KELHAM THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE: STUDENTS LISTENING TO AN INFORMAL TALK ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Kelham Theological College, near Newark-on-Trent, belongs to the Society of the Sacred Mission, a Church of England brotherhood for the training of priests and lay-workers. The lease of Kelham having expired, the Society is appealing for £50,000 in order to buy and enlarge the house. All particulars may be obtained from the Director, the Rev. J. C. White, House of the Sacred Mission, Kelham. The Society enables suitable men without means to train for the ministry. It has charge of a parish in Nottingham, a sphere of work in North Wales, and large mission districts in Bloemfontein and Zanzibar. In the war most of the students and all lay-brothers of military age served, and twenty-five lost their lives.

is to come into the town one fine morning, and find that three of the lamp-posts have already been painted red, while five of them are still green, and then to swear that this particular proportion of colours is as sacred and immortal as the coloured jewels of the New Jerusalem. In short, it is to give the weight of immortality to the particular moment at which a particular man walks into the town. And the same is true of the particular moment at which a particular man walks into the world. What is the matter with the Conservative is that he attaches supernatural importance to his own birthday. Instead of dating our era from the birth of Christ, or (if you prefer it) from the birth of Marcus Aurelius or Mrs. Eddy, he dates it entirely from his own birth. What happened to be there, when he happened to be born, is the British Constitution and must be revered. What had not yet happened, at that particular date, is the Bolshevik Revolution and must be resisted. Instead of considering a process, and testing it by a principle, he merely considers how far that process has yet gone, and tests it only by whether it is going farther. This is the real irrationality that men have really though obscurely felt in a certain type of Toryism. It is

Young England party should justify all the mistakes of the Manchester School. Yet nearly every Tory toils to palliate nearly every Trust, as if Trusts were a part of the British Constitution, or of any constitution. As a fact, they were part of a revolution, and a recent revolution—that which we actually call in common speech the industrial revolution. And does it not occur to conservative minds that the revolutionists might be a little more ready to believe that some of their innovations are not wise if we showed a consciousness that some of our own past innovations have been particularly foolish?

The truth is, of course, that all that is really pedantic or inhuman in the campaign of Progressives owes its success almost entirely to the fact that it is opposed only by Conservatives. It is not opposed by reasonable reactionaries, who have an alternative ideal of the State, but simply by people who share the same ideal, and only object to the ideal being any further realised. The Socialists have one solid and respectable quality—that they know what they want; and they will never be successfully resisted, except by somebody who really knows that he wants something else.

"FOR THE IRISH REPUBLIC": THE DEATH OF CORK'S LORD MAYOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., CENTRAL PRESS, AND G.P.U.



THE PRISON DOCTOR AT BRIXTON WHO TOLD FATHER DOMINIC THAT "THE PATIENT WAS NOW BEYOND HIS AID": DR. GRIFFITHS.



WITH PART OF THE PIPERS' BAND OF THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY: THE LATE ALDERMAN MCSWINEY (THIRD FROM LEFT, BACK ROW).



LEAVING BRIXTON PRISON, WHERE SHE VISITED HIM DAILY: MRS. MCSWINEY, WIFE OF THE LATE LORD MAYOR OF CORK.



WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR LITTLE DAUGHTER: THE LATE LORD MAYOR OF CORK, ALDERMAN TERENCE MCSWINEY.

Alderman Terence McSwiney, the late Lord Mayor of Cork, whose death is recorded under the portrait on our front page, was born in Cork forty years ago. He began his career as a draper's clerk, but later took his B.A. at the Royal University of Ireland and obtained a Government post as instructor in commerce. He was early interested in Irish politics and literature, and brought out several plays and books of poems. In 1914-15 he produced a paper, "Fianna Fail," which was suppressed by the authorities. While in England in 1917 he married Miss Muriel Murphy, a member of a well-known southern Irish family, and they had one daughter, born while her father was in Dundalk Gaol in 1918. Between

January 1916 and last August he was arrested seven times for Sinn Fein activities. In November 1917, after a three days' hunger strike, he was released under the "Cat-and-Mouse" Act. In 1918 he was elected Sinn Fein M.P. for Cork, but went to Dublin instead of Westminster, and attended the first meeting of Dail Eireann, when the Irish Republic was proclaimed. In one of the documents for the possession of which he was sentenced in August, he had written: "Our spirit is . . . to show ourselves eager to work for, and, if need be, to die for the Irish Republic. Facing our enemy we must declare an attitude simply. . . . We ask for no mercy and we will make no compromise."

CLOSING A BLAST-FURNACE OWING TO THE COAL STRIKE: RIVERS OF MOLTEN STEEL THROUGH CHANNELS OF SAND.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



DRAINING OFF THE LAST METAL BEFORE CLOSING DOWN: FINAL STAGES IN AN ELABORATE PROCESS, AT THE PARKGATE STEEL CO.'S BLAST-FURNACE, ROTHERHAM.

During a strike like that which recently began, scarcity of material is felt in industrial centres—particularly iron and steel—causing many great works to close altogether, or partially. It is a more serious matter for blast-furnaces to close down than the ordinary furnace, as the preparations are so elaborate. About sixteen hours before finally tapping the furnaces nine to ten tons of coke (coke blank) is charged, followed by light charges of ordinary iron stone, cinders, and so on. This forms a mass that will keep the furnace warm when the blast-pipes have been disconnected and the apertures bricked up. Niceties of calculation of the distribution of the charges, coupled with the proper working of the forces that these charges contain, are necessary to make possible a quick resumption of work. Accidents are always likely to occur with the charges that may cause the metal to

fall to the bottom and cool rapidly, forming a hard mass that is most difficult to pierce. In that case work may not be able to start again for weeks. In our illustration we show the draining off of the last metal, which is run through channels in sand into trucks, that are shunted straight to other works for manufacture while the metal is still in a molten state. The metal pure is seen running into the ladle on the left, while the two other ladles receive the impurities formed in the furnace. That on the right is full and ready to be removed, and the man behind is diverting the stream of scum into a fresh channel to pour into the empty centre ladle. Air from the blast is blowing sparks and smoke. On the left is a man banking up sand, and a boy with a piece of solidified deposit of impure metal.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WAS LORD DERBY'S ANCESTOR "SHAKESPEARE"? A FRENCH THEORY.

Vol. III p. 101.



G. T. Little, Nov. 1821.

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EXPLAINING "THRONE BY THE WEST" IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM": AN OLD ENGRAVING OF THE FÊTES AT ELVETHAM BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH IN 1591, SHOWING THE WORD "WEST" NEAR HER THRONE.

THE French journal "L'Opinion," notes the "Journal des Débats," has just published the last part of an essay in which M. Abel Lefranc describes a strange discovery made by him, which upsets all one's ideas about "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The writer in the "Débats" says: "All remember the very lamentable comedy of 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' played by Bottom and the other artisans. So far, it has been thought to relate to the mystery plays performed at the end of the sixteenth century by the artisans of York and Coventry. But no one had noticed hitherto that the spectacles of those towns took place during the feast of Corpus Christi. The only city in England which gave popular shows at Whitsun, like Bottom's company, was Chester, Lord Derby's favourite town, where he died. On January 26, 1595, the company of which the actor Shakespeare was a member played 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' before Queen Elizabeth, on the occasion of the wedding of Lord Derby. In noting these coincidences in the second volume of his work, 'Sous le Masque de Shakespeare,' M. Lefranc was not aware that in 1918 an erudite Englishman, Mr. E. K. Chambers, had put forward a hypothesis which agrees very well with his. In the second scene of Act II. of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' Oberon says to Puck: . . . 'A certain aim he took At a fair vestal throned by the west, And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow, As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts. But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon; And the imperial votaress passed on, In maiden meditation, fancy-free. Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell: It fell upon a little western flower,' etc. Everyone saw in these lines an allusion to the love of the Earl of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth, and to the splendid fêtes which he gave in the Queen's honour at his castle of Kenilworth in 1575. No one was at all surprised that a humble actor, as was the supposed author of the play, actually dared to mention before Elizabeth, and in public, the most cruelly humiliating love defeat she ever experienced. Mr. Chambers, struck by this lack of probability, put the question as to whether the lines quoted above did not contain an allusion to other festivities of Queen Elizabeth's reign. He thought that Oberon's words might rather refer to the fêtes held at Elvetham

in 1591, when Queen Elizabeth was received by Lord Hertford; and he came to the conclusion that, if the play was produced at the wedding of Lord Derby, the 'little blue flower' on which Cupid's shaft falls must be Elizabeth Vere, Lady Derby. . . . But here is the great discovery. In the same scene Titania talks thus to Oberon: . . . 'But I know When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land, And in the shape of Corin sat all day, Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love To amorous Phillida. . . . Well, let us now turn to the accounts of the Elvetham festivities which have been preserved. There is precisely that episode of the loves of Corin and Phillida. It precedes the apparition of the Queen of the Fairies, Aureola (turned to Titania in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream') bringing flowers to Elizabeth which were given her by Auberon (or Oberon), the fairy-king. This play so delighted the Queen that she had it played twice. And there is nothing to be surprised at that the author of the 'Dream' should have liked to recall it in that play acted four years later before her. But this is not all. Elizabeth Vere, Maid-of-Honour to Elizabeth, had, naturally, followed her Sovereign to Lord Hertford's. Lord Derby was present, too. Is it understood why in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which was played for the marriage of Derby and Elizabeth Vere four years later, Oberon, should speak of the shaft loosed by Cupid falling upon 'a little western flower'? Why 'western flower'? M. Lefranc has made a charming discovery. At the beginning of the account of the Elvetham festival, there is an engraving giving a plan of the 'theatre'—if it may be so called. The Queen is represented on a throne, surrounded by her Court and her Maids-of-Honour. And on this engraving behind the Queen's throne the word *west* can be read. That is how Cupid aimed at 'a fair vestal throned by the west,' and as his shaft could not attain the 'imperial votaress' (it is well known how often Elizabeth had been compared to Diana by the poets of the period) fell on 'a little western flower,' her neighbour. Hit, she fell in love with William Stanley, then a younger son, whom she was only able to marry four years later, when he became Earl of Derby through his brother's death. According to M. Lefranc, in studying Shakespeare's plays, everything points to William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby."

The suggestion, put forward by M. Abel Lefranc, a French critic, that the authorship of Shakespeare's plays should be ascribed to the sixth Earl of Derby, is at any rate a graceful compliment to that nobleman's descendant, the present British Ambassador in Paris. We reproduce above an old engraving that forms part of M. Lefranc's evidence, together with an extract from an article in the "Journal des Débats" explaining its connection with his theory. The engraving is said to represent the fêtes given at Elvetham by Lord Hertford in honour of Queen Elizabeth in 1591. It will be noticed that the points of the compass are marked

on it, and that the word "west" (on the left side) appears near the Queen's throne. This is held by M. Lefranc to explain the phrase, "throned by the west" in Oberon's speech in Act II., Scene II. of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He infers, further, that the speech relates to the Elvetham spectacle; not to the Earl of Leicester's pageant at Kenilworth in 1575; and that the "little western flower" was Elizabeth Vere, at whose marriage to the sixth Lord Derby, four years later, the play was performed. The above engraving is dated 1822, so there must have been an earlier one, to sustain the argument.

With an Armoured Car and Troops in Lorries: A Cork Hunger-Striker's Funeral.



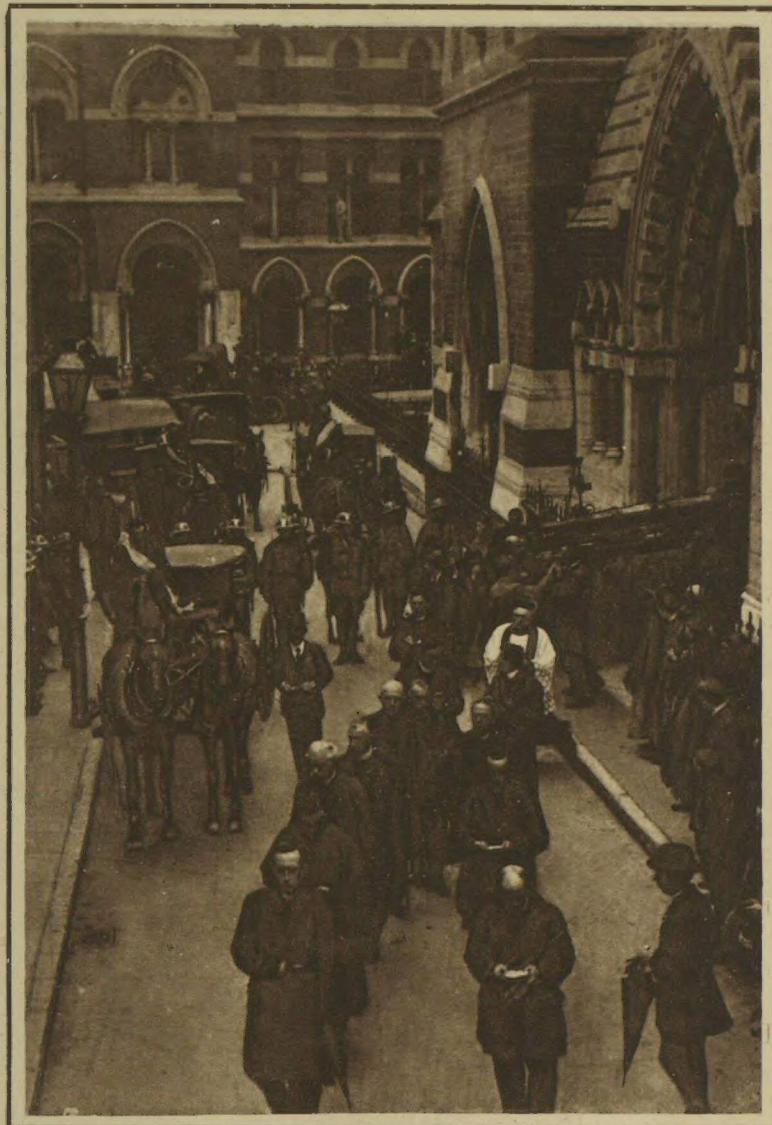
ACCOMPANIED BY AN ARMOURD CAR AND LORRIES OF TROOPS: THE LIMITED CORTÈGE AT THE FUNERAL OF MICHAEL FITZGERALD.



RECITING THE ROSARY OUTSIDE CORK GAOL AFTER THE DEATH OF MICHAEL FITZGERALD: SYMPATHISERS WITH HUNGER-STRIKERS.

The funeral of Michael Fitzgerald, one of the hunger-strikers in Cork Gaol, took place on October 19. The authorities restricted the cortège from Cork to Fermoy to a hundred persons, and it was accompanied by an armoured car and a strong force of troops in lorries. It may be recalled that Michael Fitzgerald

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. AND CENTRAL PRESS.



UNDER MILITARY SURVEILLANCE: TROOPS SALUTING AS THE COFFIN WAS BROUGHT OUT OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

was committed on remand to Cork Prison on September 9, 1919, charged with complicity in the murder of Private William Jones. On August 10, 1920, he and others went on hunger strike, after a demand for unconditional release. He died on October 17, the sixty-eighth day of his strike.

The Greek Succession: The late King Alexander and his Brother Prince Paul.



WITH HIS FATHER (EX-KING CONSTANTINE) AND SISTER, PRINCESS HELEN: PRINCE PAUL OF GREECE, SINCE REPORTED CALLED TO THE THRONE.

King Alexander of Greece died at Athens, on October 25, from the effects of blood-poisoning caused by the bite of a monkey, on October 2, while he was protecting his dog from another monkey in the grounds of the royal domain at Tatoi, Dekeleia. He was the second son of ex-King Constantine, and was born at Tatoi in 1893. He came to the throne after his father was deposed in 1917.



VICTIM OF A MONKEY'S BITE: THE LATE KING ALEXANDER, WITH HIS MORGANATIC WIFE.

After becoming King he married morganatically Mile. Aspasia Manos. M. Venizelos recently stated: "The rights of Constantine and his eldest son being once forfeited, the right of succession goes naturally to the younger brother" (Prince Paul). Later, Reuter's reported, on Oct. 26, that Prince Paul, who was in Switzerland with his parents, had been called to the throne.—[LEFT-HAND PHOTO. BY TOPICAL.]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

IN the drama of the modern auction room; at a nod the heirlooms of old families change their residence. A masterpiece of Velasquez

from a château in Burgundy crosses the Atlantic to be cloistered on the banks of the Hudson. One may imagine the Greek chorus of dealers crying, "The play's the thing, wherein we shall catch the conscience not of the king, but of all the kings of connoisseurship, and every Midas whose ears are burning and whose galleries have empty spaces." If the "Northern Farmer" of Tennyson could have listened to the canter of his modern steed, the motor car, and have caught the vibratory message of the carburetter instead of the clank of his horse's hoofs, "Proputty, proputty, proputty, that's what I 'ears 'em saay," and if his inclinations carried him to the auction mart of objects of art, he would marvel not a little at the sudden exchange of valuable works of art, "the property of a nobleman" unnamed, which pass to a cotton-spinner with new-found ideals, or to a soap-maker whose art proclivities came to the boiling-point.

Take a twelve days' revel in the auction rooms of London. We have Indian and Thibetan deities from the cabinets of a professor of the Bombay University. Some of us are fearful of placing unknown Eastern gods in familiar contact. There is the latent feeling that ill-fortune may

pursue the possessor. We Westerns know so little of symbolism that indiscriminate use of deities as ephemeral ornaments may be less meaningless than is supposed. To those who dare to cross the gulf there are figures of Vishnu with the dog, Krishna standing in his glory, or dancing, or as a mendicant, Balchrisna sucking his toe, Gunga on an alligator, Hanuman the monkey god, and the figures of Buddha, of Saraswati, and of Veerbhadra. At the auction rooms of Mr. Steevens of Covent Garden, these deities were sold on October 18 without fear and without favour.

Lovers of old silver plate will find a Charles II. salver, William and Mary hall-marked examples, and a Paul Lamerie teapot. In furniture, there is a Hepplewhite table from Lord Thynne's collection. Of coins, a representative collection stands out of British, Anglo-Saxon, Norman, and English examples extending to the Victorian era, in a four days' sale. Tapestry and furniture offer something great and unique. Examples from well-known collections crowd into the arena. We shall allude later in detail to these examples, and to the armour, which is the last dispersal of armour in private hands which may be deemed a great collection. It suggests the mournful declamation of the last bard drawn by the pen of Sir Walter Scott. But it stands as the drop-scene on armour as known to collectors and connoisseurs. The twelve days' sales we have selected cover wondrous and magical ground, and London stands in respect of such art dispersals as the emporium of the world. Dealers from Amsterdam and Leipsic

travel hither to join in the *danse macabre*, and cablegrams from New York and Chicago complete the chain of cosmopolitan competition.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson offered various properties in books on October 20 and 21. The general reader who knows his "Arabian Nights" in a popular form does not know the Oriental side, somewhat esoteric, of Burton's "Arabian Nights" in the Benares illustrated edition in seventeen volumes, an issue of the Burton Club. Burton, uncontrollable genius that he was, thorn in the side of the Foreign Office, Consul at Damascus, and as vivid a penman as his contemporary George Borrow with his "Bible in Spain," has left his edition of Eastern tales to posterity. It came up for auction, and was won by those who valued its scholarship and, it may be said, its frank nakedness in holding a mirror to the East. At the same sale an extraordinary collection of rare works on alchemy and on the occult sciences, mainly dating from the seventeenth century, was sold. Astrology and witchcraft, mesmerism and clairvoyance, loom large in the items. Cabalistic

the *pièces de résistance* of the collection, the *salade* is representative of the finest Italian period of the fifteenth century, equalled by other Venetian types in the same collection. The pauldrons, one *cuisse*, and the *sollerets* are restorations. The long-toed *sollerets* are not in keeping with the Italianate chain mail of the period. With this exception, the suit is a fine example of early armour. It is inevitable that restorations and completions must exist in pieces of this antiquity, but they should be known to collectors. Antiquity grows weather-worn and broken with age. Celebrated rose windows of minsters have undergone reparation, and the carvings of Westminster Abbey are to-day being restored to a simulation of their crumbled originality.

A return to the hand grenade of the grenadiers in the recent war and a reversion to protective armour invoke remembrance of old-world proto-

types. A decorative form which modernity has adopted is shown in the series of Venetian *salades*, protective head-coverings in armour. With crimson velvet and copper-gilt open-work ornament, they exhibit an elaborateness deleted by the modern counterpart used by our army at the front. Fashion repeats herself, for helmets with a sword were hung in the halls of noble families in Venice on a wooden support. This right was granted



THE CRINOLINE PERIOD IN LITTLE: THE POWELL COLLECTION OF DOLLS DRESSED BETWEEN 1754 AND 1853, WITH MODELS OF CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE AND LEEDS POTTERY.

Among other new acquisitions at the Victoria and Albert Museum, illustrating English domestic life, is the Powell Collection of Dolls and Dolls' Furniture (in Room 57), presented by Mr. Harry J. Powell. It consists of a number of costume dolls dressed by members of his family between 1754 and 1853, with models of contemporary furniture and Leeds pottery.—[By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright Photograph.]

mystery and divination, from the Rosicrucian John Heydon to the prophecies of Mother Shipton, published in 1688, were prominent, and found a modern public curious in searching into the unknown and into dark recesses of human enquiry.

The armour, the property of the Baroness Zouche of Haryngworth, has a pathetic interest. The Meyrick, the Brocas, the Bernal, the Fontaine collections have been dispersed. Later the collections of the Earl of Londesborough and the Marquis of Breadalbane followed suit. Recently the collection of Sir Guy Laking came under the hammer to be scattered to the four winds of heaven.

The prelude to the catalogue, by the Baron de Cosson, outlines the inception of the collection by Robert Curzon, Baron Zouche of Haryngworth, who was in the Diplomatic Service. Incidentally we learn of old Pratt, the dealer in armour, who furnished and who fabricated armour in his day for many of the old baronial halls. He was the contemporary of "Flint Jack," who, on a lower plane, made many prehistoric arrows for unwary collectors. We learn, too, from the Baron de Cosson, that at that time the collections of famous experts such as Lord Londesborough, and even the national collection at the Tower of London, "were not free from these duffers."

Purists in armour, such as was the late Sir Guy Laking, may take exception to conglomerate examples of armour where suits have been made up, not by the addition of modern fittings, but with parts not always contemporary. In the remarkable suit of Gothic armour, one of

as a particular honour. To bear arms meant something definite in the past.

The sword is an obsolete weapon. Here are some historic examples, including a beheading-sword, on which is engraved a gallows and etched scenes from the Passion—the Agony in the Garden, the Crown of Thorns, and other scenes. Daggers and hunting-knives (*Hirschfänger*) complete this portion of the collection. There are saddles, including specimens of the time of Charles I., of crimson velvet with silver lace and fringe, and Spanish of the fifteenth century, with tooled leather work and inlaid bone decorations in colour. An interesting item, of north Italian type, of the late sixteenth century, is the complete suit of armour for a boy. This is not unique, as other similar suits are in the collections at Madrid and elsewhere. These were not toys, but were real suits of armour designed for practical use. The mediæval training of youth was almost Spartan in its severity. A curious relic is a wooden pageant shield covered with parchment, with painted figures of men fighting with swords: this is fifteenth-century Hungarian work. Another item, found at Chester Castle, is a pair of torture gauntlets, with locking rings around the wrists. A cross-bow of German sixteenth-century origin suggests Agincourt; and it suggests the slings and arrows of the late war, when the windlass and the toothed ratchet and wheel came again into operation in the trench warfare.

The Parham armoury, to quote the words of Baron de Cosson, is "the last of the great English collections of arms of bygone days that can come into the market."

FLOODS THAT NEVER "STRIKE": PUMPMEN IN A DESERTED COAL-PIT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G.P.U.



WORK IN WHICH A DAY'S STOPPAGE MEANS A MONTH'S DELAY IN REOPENING THE MINE: PUMPMEN ENGAGED IN FLOOD-PREVENTION IN A RHONDDA VALLEY COAL-PIT—A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.

Nature never goes on strike. She pursues her "toil unsevered from tranquillity," regardless of man's vicissitudes, in a coal-mine as elsewhere. Though the miner may cease work to obtain higher wages, the waters continue to gather in the pits, and if left unchecked would very soon form a flood that might enforce idleness upon him for a longer time than he desired. A remark made the other day, since the coal strike began, by the agent of the South Wales Colliery Enginemens and Stokers' Asso-

ciation, Mr. D. B. Jones, has reference to this fact. "To withdraw men left on duty in the mines," he is reported to have said, "would be unwise, for if the workings were flooded there would be a month's delay in reopening for every day lost in pumping." Our photograph, which was taken by flashlight down a mine deserted by strikers in the Rhondda Valley coal-fields, shows the pumpmen at work at the bottom of the pit. Their task is one of the greatest importance.

NOT AVERSE FROM A STRIKE: THE MINER'S FOUR-FOOTED "PAL."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, CENTRAL PRESS, AND I.B.



ON HOLIDAY DURING THE STRIKE, BUT NOT BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE: PIT PONIES IN THEIR STALLS IN THE BARGOED MINE.



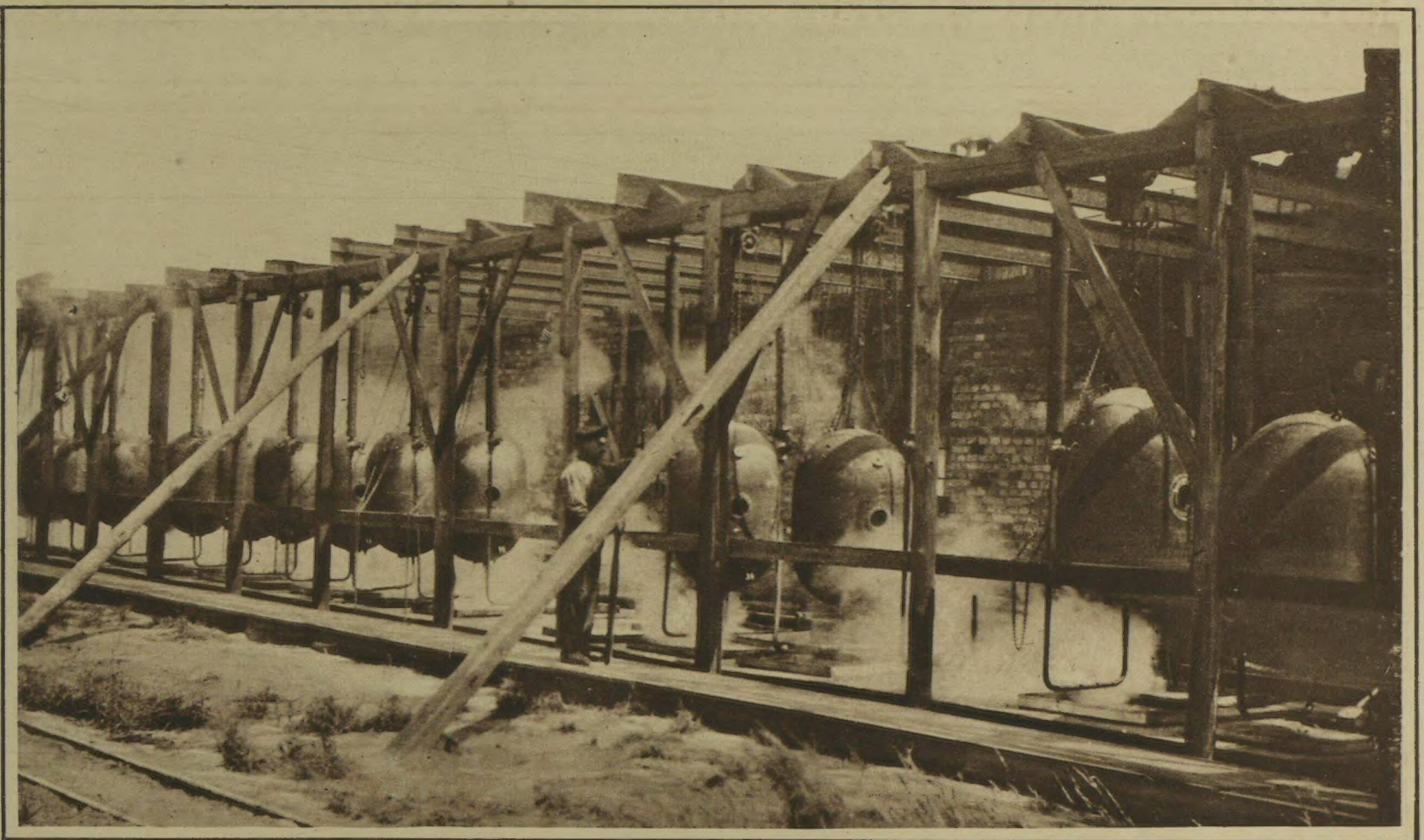
THOROUGH SUPPORTERS OF A PROTRACTED STRIKE: THREE HAPPY LANCASHIRE PIT PONIES ENJOYING A PERIOD OF ENFORCED LEISURE.



HOODED TO SHIELD THEIR EYES FROM THE UNACCUSTOMED DAYLIGHT? AGED PIT PONIES AT THE SURFACE OF A WELSH COLLIERY.

There are thousands of horses employed in British collieries. In 1913 the number was estimated at 84,024. The writer of the article on "The Collier's Life in South Wales," in our issue of September 11, says: "The trains of coal are brought into the pit-bottom on the main lines by machinery at ten to twelve miles per hour. The horses are used only as 'shunters.' And here let it be pointed out that generally the horses are treated as humanely as any horse on a ploughed field. The men and their horses are 'pals.'" A drawing of pit stables 900 ft. down in a South Wales

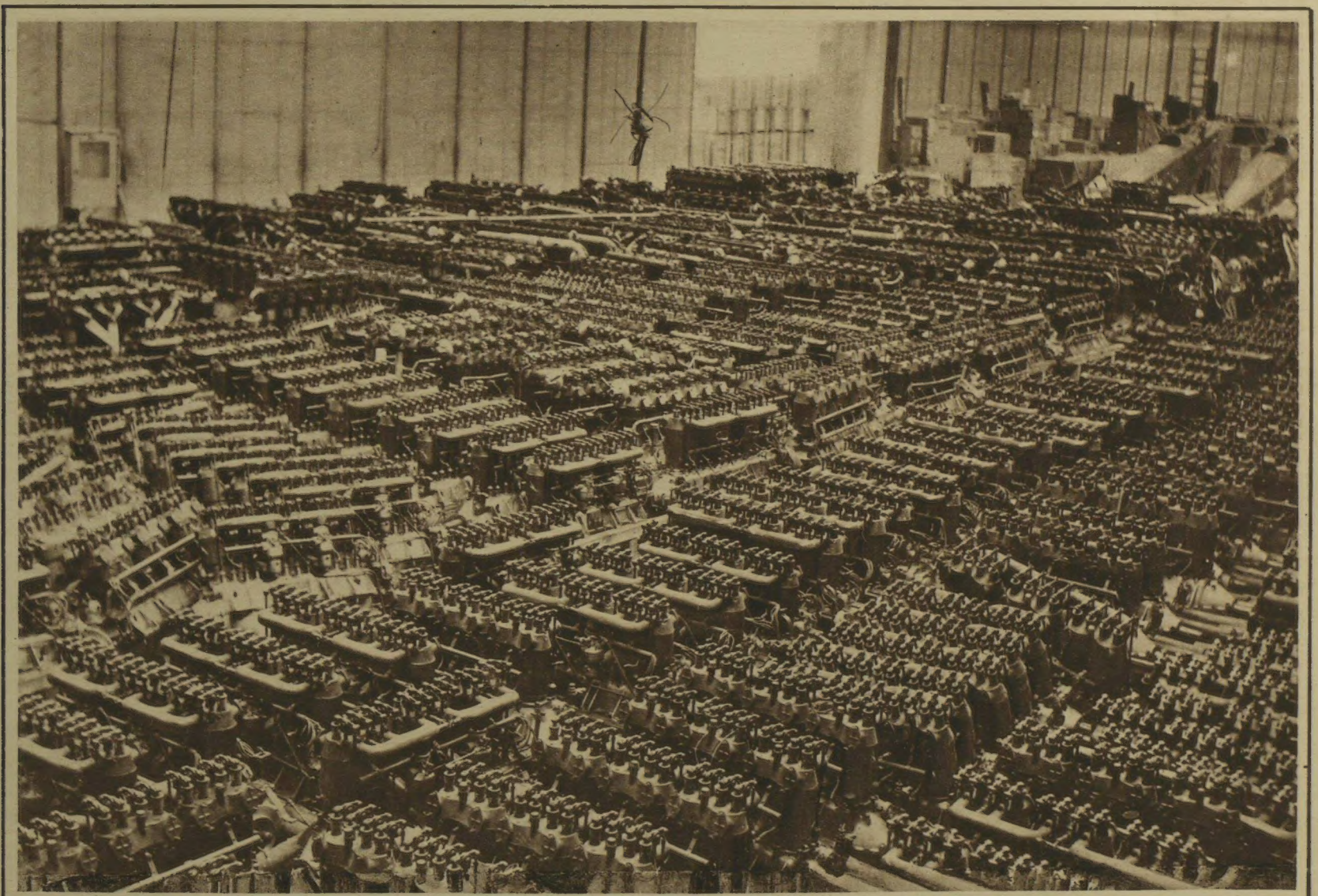
colliery, by Mr. Steven Spurrier, was given in our number for September 25. Part of the note underneath it may be appropriately repeated here. "The stables are spacious and well looked after. Each contains from 20 to 30 stalls, lit by electricity, and thoroughly ventilated. Each horse has a loose-box to itself. The horses, which are very well treated, work for two or three weeks, and are then taken above ground and put out to grass for as long as may be deemed necessary." To the pit pony, a strike must be a welcome change and entirely to be commended.

Steaming out Explosive from German Mines: Old Utensils of the Devil's Kitchen.

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT," THE GERMAN MOTTO: SEA-MINES BEING CLEARED OF THEIR EXPLOSIVE CONTENTS BY STEAM, BEFORE BEING SQUEEZED FLAT AND SOLD AS SCRAP IRON.

According to information which reaches us with this photograph, it shows German sea mines having explosive steamed out of them; after which process they are squeezed flat and sold as scrap iron. The arrangement is typical of German economy. In this connection it may be recalled that, a few months ago, drifting mines in the North Sea were still causing danger to shipping. After the war

different areas were allotted to various Powers to clear of floating mines. Great Britain completed her share in little over a year, but it was said that Germany had neglected the portion entrusted to her, several thousand square miles, and that it had remained much as it was in 1918. Germans urged lack of coal and the refusal of mine-sweeper crews to go to sea for the wages offered.

A Graveyard of Germany's Air-Fleet: A Huge Dump of Scrapped Aeroplane-Engines.

ONCE THE MOTIVE POWER OF POTENTIAL AIR-RAIDERS: THOUSANDS OF GERMAN AEROPLANE-ENGINES CONSIGNED TO THE SCRAP HEAP

Though Germany is developing schemes for commercial aviation, and commercial machines might be so constructed as to be of use for future war purposes, her actual military air strength was reduced to a very low ebb by the terms of the Peace Treaty. Mr. Lloyd George said in Parliament after the Spa Conference, enumerating the German war material handed over to the Allies: "Most of the

aeroplanes have also been surrendered." Further official figures, published a month or two ago, of German war material surrendered since the Spa Conference included 813 aeroplanes and seaplanes destroyed, and 128 surrendered. It might be thought that the engines shown in the photograph could be used again, but possibly they have already had a long life, and would not now be of value.

BATHING IN ALL WEATHERS: LADIES' DAY IN THE

DRAWN BY



WHERE SWIMMING AND DIVING CAN BE ENJOYED THROUGHOUT THE WINTER.
BATH ON ONE OF

The swimming-bath which gives the Bath Club its name is one of the features of social life in London, and members are able to swim and dive on their club premises all the year round. Though it is a mixed club, there is no mixed bathing, but on three mornings a week the bath is reserved for the ladies, and little boys are also admitted on these occasions. Instruction in swimming is given to beginners. As our drawing shows, the bath is well provided with diving-boards. The club numbers among

SWIMMING-BATH OF A FAMOUS LONDON CLUB.

E. H. SHEPARD.



AS WELL AS IN SUMMER: THE BATH CLUB—A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE SWIMMING-
THE LADIES' MORNINGS.

its members many first-rate swimmers, and at the annual displays some very fine performances may be witnessed. Swimming, of course, is one of the best forms of exercise, bringing, as it does, the whole body into play, and those who practise it throughout the year benefit greatly in health and vigour, besides the improvement it effects in the carriage of the figure.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

MISS IRIS HOEY is London's latest, youngest, and most unrevealed actress-manageress. After a time the experienced playgoer fairly knows the ebb and flow of histrionic talent. Of some we know exactly how far they will go and in what manner they will go there. They are endeared to us like certain nostrums in the domestic medicine-chest. We know how they will apply themselves to the part affected. Those who, like America, are a land of unlimited possibilities, belong to the elect, and Miss Iris Hoey is one of them. Hers is the career of the self-made artist ever in quest of excellent guidance, ever ready and studious, keenly observant, unsparing of self, and—in more instances than one—battling despairingly to win a forlorn cause. In her progressive record I can recall but one creation entirely missed—and that passed almost unnoticed, and was more due to insufficient rehearsal than temperamental unsuitability; I also remember parts which she saved by mere *tour de force*; but, withal, her every appearance is full of interest, and proves that experience engenders growing versatility and intensity of emotional power. In the little play with which she made her first managerial bow (and a delightful speechlet to return thanks), in "Priscilla and the Profligate," by Miss Laura Wildig—which is, in its main theme, a chastened edition of "The Marriage of Kitty," a pleasant love story in a good world where lots of things are taken for granted and no one approaches the wickedness of reality—Miss Iris Hoey plays a girl of sixteen and a young woman of twenty-two. I differentiate, to indicate appearance and mentality. Now, Miss Hoey is not sixteen, and in ordinary aspect she is in every way a most attractive specimen of *tout ce qu'il y a de plus femme*—the French expression conveys it all. Yet so adaptable is her talent that when in the first act, with her hair plaited and brushed back over her forehead, we are asked to believe that she is still a mere chit, she imitates the ways of sweet and innocent sixteen so completely that on our part there is no need to make an effort—we accept the make-believe, for the intelligence of the artist overcomes the possibilities

game—which, of course, leads to the happy ending—that we discover new sides to the talent of Miss Iris Hoey. She turns the light little part into a profound study of femininity, without ever weighting it; like a little bird she flits and flutters from phase to phase, from mood to mood, from smiles to tears, from real joy to affected anguish. "Mais elle joue comme une Parisienne," said a French visitor. "That"—said I—"that is exactly what I want to say about her." Hers is the spirit of French acting grafted on an English text—no small achievement, forsooth!

There were two other interesting manifestations in "Priscilla." A triumph of the old school and of the new—the delicious humour of a *nouveau riche* which rendered the few lines Mr. H. de Lange had to say a complete caricature; and the equally delectable manner of Mr. Frank Denton as an absent-minded beggar, who in rare nimbleness and aptness of poses blurted, propelled, catapulted commonplaces in such unconsciousness of his surroundings that we roared at his face, his gestures, and his voice whenever he darted for no particular purpose into the action. His is the priceless gift which is best compared to our late Herbert Tree when he spoke to those on earth as one who had just dropped from the clouds.

On the occasion of the second edition of "Just Fancy" at the Vaudeville, we were regaled by the Brothers Gatti and Mr. Charlot with a fascinating Souvenir, a Revue of the history of the Vaudeville. Its author is Mr. McDonald Rendle, who is the sprightliest of all the theatrical "memorialists" of our time, and whose knowledge is as thorough as it is entertainingly imparted. The little book, adorned with many photographs of the stars that radiated at the Vaudeville under the Thornes and the elder Brothers Gatti, contains a vivid record of the fortunes of the theatre and recalls happy evenings with H. J. Byron, Fielding, Buchanan, Basil Hood, and Henry Arthur Jones, and, later, with Seymour Hicks, whose productions were the forerunners of the now popular revue.

"Just Fancy," which has been brought up to date, newly dressed and enriched with one or two episodes, remains a revue in the truest sense of the word. It heckles the things that are; it makes merry over persons and phases; it gambols in song and dance; it has two excellent leaders in Mr. Walter Williams and Mr. Ralph Lynn—the immortal Algy of Knutsland—and charming soubrettes in Miss Betty Chester, Miss Ivy Tresmand and Miss Binnie Hale. It is clever, clean, never vulgar, and it displays in alluring discretion of attire as much female beauty as is piquant and bewitching, without despoiling our illusions. Two of the episodes are gems of humour. The one is "Ringcraft," in which a shrewd husband knocks down a prize-fighter for a "fiver" to cure his wife of infatuation. The other, a mordant satire on the morals of to-day, relates, in "The Solution," how a modern woman hails the simulated death of husband and lover to fall into the arms of Number Three. This little play in a few minutes creates more dramatic interest than many a play which fills a whole evening. The characters are drawn with lightning touches, the dialogue, in terse sentences,

creates a poignant conflict: we are keenly expectant of the "Solution," and not a little excited by the quarrel of the two friends over the absent woman, and then there is the great laugh which turns the tragic into broad farce and convinces us once more that of all the riddles of the universe

woman is the greatest. With some elaboration this little thriller and triller will become a favourite among amateurs. It will be equally successful in the Theatre Royal, Bath-Drawing-Room (as we used to call the dilettante theatre in olden



GOING INTO LONDON MANAGEMENT: MISS ELSIE JANIS.
Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild.

days) as at the Vaudeville, where it remains—with syncopated chorus of audience and actors in "I know where the flies go"—the joy of a joyful entertainment.

The Gallery First-Nighters announce their reconstitution and return to activity. These theatrical enthusiasts were a very ardent and important body in pre-war days, and saw to it that not every dramatic goose was hailed as a swan. Theirs was a labour of love and justice. They feared neither long vigils at the gallery door nor stress of wind or weather. They upheld honoured traditions, and were ever ready to acclaim new talent among authors and actors wherever they found it; they pronounced judgment without fear or favour, and in their latter days taught their fellow visitors aloft the gentle art of discretion. In approval they were hearty to the pitch of enthusiasm; in dissatisfaction they rarely indulged in or tolerated the unpleasant "boo"—they would neither bait the author nor let the actor suffer for the former's shortcomings. They gradually adopted, and in their surroundings often enforced, the hush of silence, which is far more effective and dignified than boisterous execration. For a gallery which does not applaud affects the whole house; it kills the echo from above which is the final note of success. Thus the gallery proves to be both the sanitary inspector of the premises as well as the true friend of the manager. All too often nowadays the first night bamboozles the manager, the author, and the player into the belief that victory has been won, for the friends in stalls and dress-circle applaud and shout in the spirit of the mere formality of a "vote of thanks" for nothing. It is the same empty courtesy as the "many thanks for a charming evening" when, in Society, you have been bored to tears. In social life there is no harm in this camouflage of urbanity; in the theatre it is baneful, because it encourages bad art and dopes the people on the stage into the spurious felicity of a fool's paradise. How cruel it is to go home—as manager or actor—and think it is a success, it will run—and to find in a few days, when the play's real impression has filtered through to the multitude, that people won't come, and that the dreaded notice must soon go up!



TO APPEAR AS LADY MACBETH AT THE ALDWYCH:
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

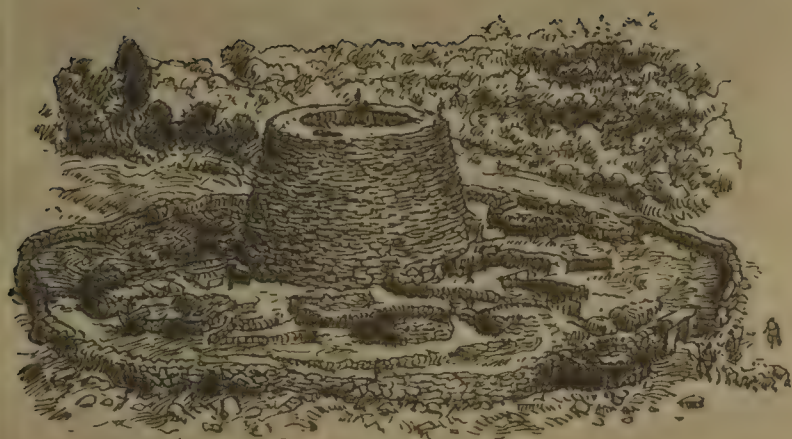
Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to play Lady Macbeth in Mr. James K. Hackett's production of "Macbeth," to begin at the Aldwych Theatre on November 2. She has recently been appearing in "Pygmalion" at Cologne, with the British Rhine Army Dramatic Company.

Photograph by International Portrait Service.

of doubt. Anon we see quite a different woman, so changed, so world-wise, so elegant, so diplomatic, that we again accept the proposition of the playwright, who submits that the husband never suspected the identity of his one-day bride after six years' separation. It is in this part of the

BROCHS AND NURAGHI: LINKS BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND SARDINIA.

DRAWINGS BY A. FORESTIER. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 702.)



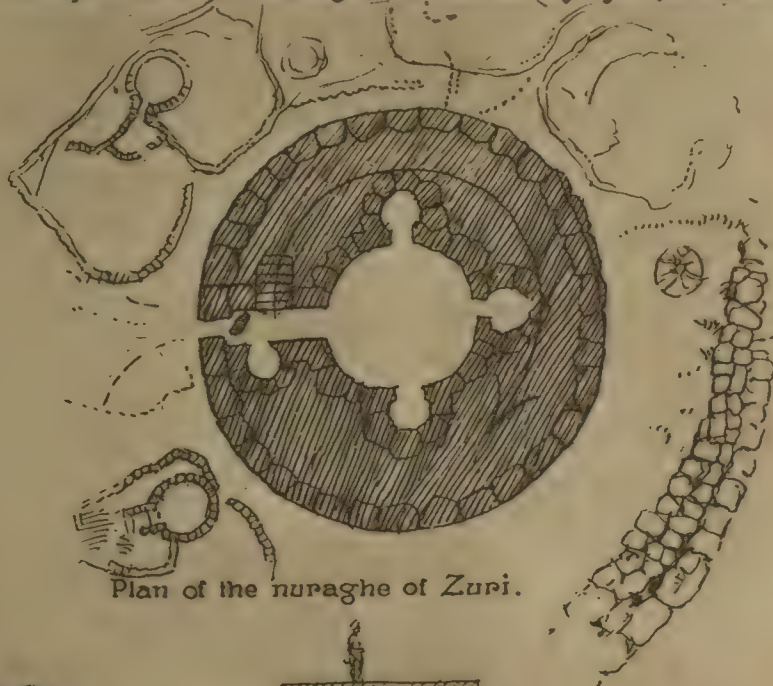
Bird's eye view of a Scottish broch.



Group of Sardinian nuraghi surrounded by cyclopean wall.



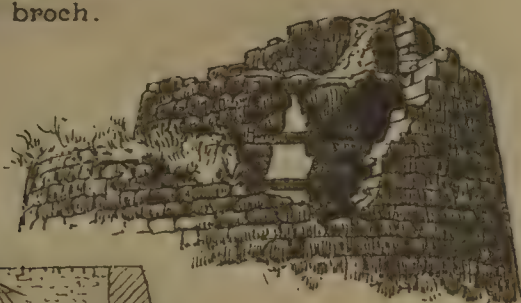
Plan of a Scottish broch.



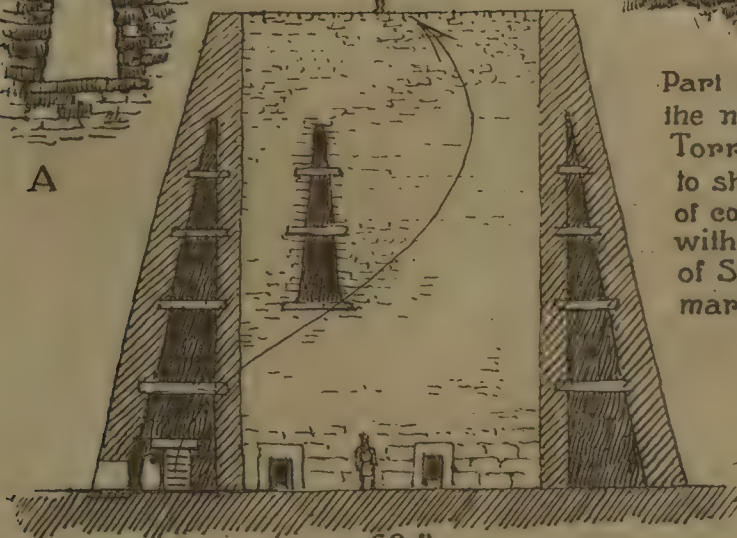
Plan of the nuraghe of Zuri.



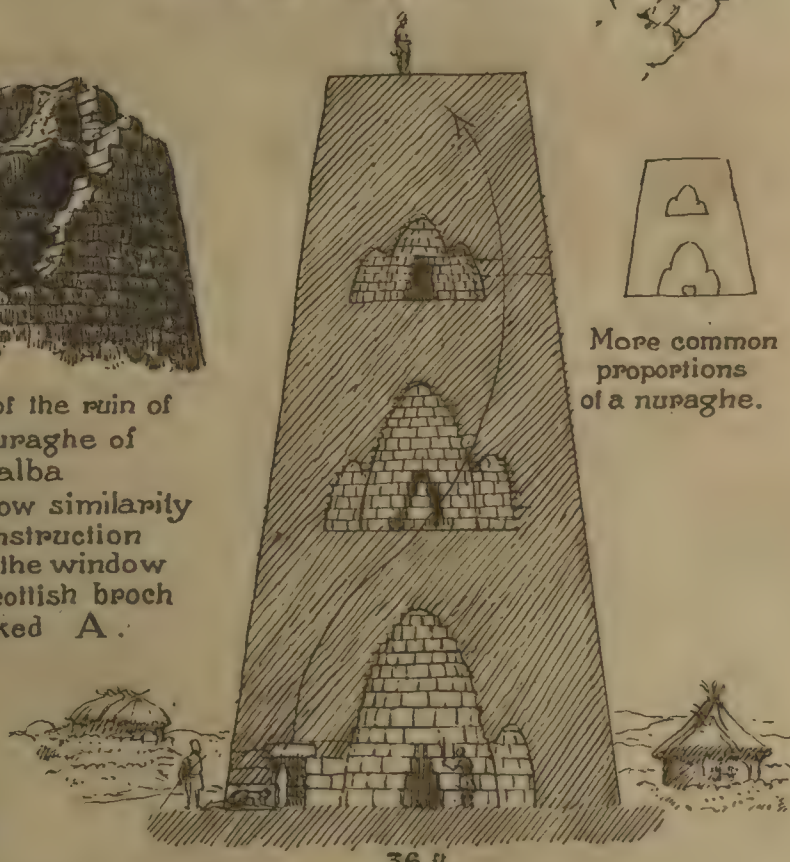
A



Part of the ruin of the nuraghe of Torralba to show similarity of construction with the window of Scottish broch marked A.



Section of a Scottish broch.
(Spiral represents staircase)



More common proportions of a nuraghe.

Section of a nuraghe.
(Spiral represents staircase)

ARE THE SCOTTISH BROCHS AND SARDINIAN NURAGHI BOTH OF IBERIAN ORIGIN? POINTS OF SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PREHISTORIC HILL-FORTS OF SARDINIA AND THOSE OF SCOTLAND ILLUSTRATED LAST WEEK.

From Scotland to Sardinia is a far cry, yet in both countries there exist the ruins of prehistoric hill-forts—the Scottish brochs and the Sardinian nuraghi—which show remarkable similarities of construction that point to a common origin; that is, to their being the work of the same race of people. In our last issue (Oct. 23) we gave a number of photographs and a drawing by Mr. Forestier illustrating the characteristic features of some Scottish brochs, with an explanatory article by Miss M. E. M. Donaldson. Here we give diagrams showing the points of resemblance and difference between the brochs and the nuraghi

of Sardinia. The chief difference is that, while the brochs were open at the top, the nuraghi were roofed over at the top by a terrace. On another page Mr. Forestier, who has drawn the diagrams, discusses the subject in an article, wherein he traces a possible generic connection between the nuraghi-builders and the broch-builders. He suggests that both types of building may have been the work of Iberians, or other prehistoric people from Asia, who swarmed over the shores of the Mediterranean and gradually penetrated northward to countries, like Scotland, far removed from their place of origin.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

Diamonds and the Disabled.

THAT the diamond—the most interesting, the most fascinating, the most intriguing of all the jewels of the earth—should become a means of providing a living for war-disabled men may seem strange; but it is true. Already in this country nearly a thousand ex-soldiers are employed on cutting and polishing the stones in four beautifully appointed factories.

The restricting of this work to disabled ex-soldiers was an idea that was evolved in the mind of Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer, of Kimberley fame, at a time—in the spring of 1917—when there was so much talk of finding some kind of industry at which previously inexperienced workers might become experts. The fully trained diamond-polishers refused to believe that anyone could learn the art without many years of practical experience. Yet Mr. Oppenheimer was thoroughly convinced that it could be done. At the end of the war, he realised the growing interest in "the jewel of princes," and determined to make the preparation of the stone a recognised industry in this country. And at the same time he saw that it was a work which could be done by men who were crippled by the war.

Mr. Oppenheimer is a man possessed of that remarkable initiative which was the outstanding attribute of those South African pioneers, Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, and Beit, of whom he was a contemporary, and from whose teaching he profited much. Therefore, once an idea was established in his mind, he could not rest until that idea became a living fact.

About 98 per cent. of the world's production of diamonds comes from the Colonies in South Africa. Formerly these diamonds were sent abroad to be cut and polished, but this is now being done by our own disabled soldiers and sailors, who do the work equally as well as Continental cutters. This means that hundreds of thousands of pounds will be paid in wages which would otherwise go abroad. Moreover, the works established here constitute by far the largest diamond-cutting factory in the world.

As an industry, diamond-finishing has been confined during the past century to Amsterdam and Antwerp, and later to one or two cities in the United States. In England, there was not enough of the work done to justify its being regarded as an industrial asset. Mr. Oppenheimer persisted, in his Rhodesian way; and now, at the end of three years, the result is to be seen in four factories—at Brighton, Wrexham, Fort William, and Cambridge—all in full working order and employing only ex-soldiers disabled and incapable of any other remunerative and productive labour.

Having approached Sir Walter Lawrence, who gave much encouragement to the scheme, but left for Canada before it materialised, Mr. Oppenheimer got into touch with the Ministry of



ORIGINATOR OF THE DIAMOND-CUTTING INDUSTRY FOR THE DISABLED: MR. BERNARD OPPENHEIMER.

Pensions, who advised that the training of men for such work should be effected under the Ministry's scheme of general training. After many vain attempts to conduct the training in various institutions, it was found to be impracticable until Mr. Oppenheimer offered machinery and instructors to the Principal of Brighton Technical College, Dr. Burnie, now general manager of the works.



A NEW BRITISH INDUSTRY WHICH ALREADY PROVIDES WORK FOR NEARLY A THOUSAND EX-SOLDIERS: THE FIRST POLISHING-SHOP IN THE BRIGHTON FACTORY.

The great bulk of the work consists of polishing.

A small plant was started in the College. A mere handful of disabled men took to the work under expert tuition, and, after a very few weeks of training, it was found that the men had adapted themselves to the job in a manner that was as satisfying and as encouraging as it was surprising to those not gifted with the insight of the founder.

So promising was the success of this first venture that Mr. Oppenheimer bought a block of buildings in the Lewes Road, Brighton, and soon had them turned into working factories. With the work increasing in this first building, great improvements were made, and by the summer of this year three huge blocks were erected on the same site, new machinery and better facilities for work were provided, and over seven hundred ex-soldiers are now employed in a trade of which they knew nothing three years ago.

At the request of the Ministry of Pensions, three other factories were established at

Wrexham, Cambridge, and Fort William, with a view to distributing the possibilities of training in areas far apart and serviceable to men of England, Wales, and Scotland. The factories are of the most modern pattern, specially well lighted and equipped with a view to effecting accurate work and providing comfort for the workers. At the Wrexham and Fort William factories, hostels have been acquired adjacent to the works, and there the men are lodged in comfort and clubbiness.

The Brighton works are capable of employing nearly two thousand men, and gradually this full complement is being reached, as the men pass through their training, arranged through the Ministry of Pensions. In a meander through the works, one cannot help noticing the innumerable little things that go to make a factory a fit place for heroes to work in. The whole place is so spick and span, fresh, bright, and healthy. Every man has his own individual lighting arrangements, and the air is clean and clear on account of the exceptional ventilating system, although the workers are permitted to smoke while at work. The sanitary system, the hot-water supply, and all general facilities are in perfect order. In the canteen a good meal may be had for a shilling.

The fact that the men employed are all disabled—many of them having lost a limb—necessitates the provision of an unusually well-ordered medical department. It must be remembered that

many came straight out of hospital into their initial training, and, even now that they are efficient diamond-polishers, need two or three wound-dressings a week. Under the direction of Colonel Watt, C.M.G., the clinic of the works is itself a model hospital, where employees may be treated between shifts of their work, and so are not compelled to journey to a public or military hospital.

It is anything but a charitable institution run by a professional philanthropist. It is a business proposition, and it is a business that pays. The great point about the whole scheme is that, while it has provided interesting employment for ex-service men, it is also not only developing one particular firm's business, but it is establishing in this country an industry that has been dead for many years.

Unless the work were well and accurately done, the scheme, as a business scheme, would be useless. It is because the men have learned their work, and have arrived at such proficiency in their new

trade, that the scheme is so admirable. Those who have knowledge of diamonds are satisfied that the finished article turned out from these works is in every way as saleable and as valuable as that turned out by a foreign factory. That is where Mr. Oppenheimer has at once achieved a commercial victory and has brought assistance and new life-interest to men who otherwise might have been helpless and disgruntled.

The total accommodation is for 2000 employees, the bulk of them irremediably disabled. The workers are selected through the Ministry of Labour, by whom they are paid a maintenance in lieu of pension for the first six months of training, during which the firm pays no wages. At the end of that time, the man resumes his pension and the firm pays him, in addition, £2 a week. His pay progresses as his proficiency increases, and at the end of the second year a man's average pay amounts to over £5 a week.



THE RAW MATERIAL: A GROUP OF ROUGH DIAMONDS, WITH A SIXPENNY PIECE TO INDICATE THEIR RELATIVE SIZE.

In the Works Manager's office the stones, when received, are weighed and sorted and marked out for the operators. During the process of working, they are brought back to the office at intervals for inspection. Then they pass to the sawing-room.



SAWING A DIAMOND—A TWO DAYS' TASK: A MACHINE WITH THE STONE SEEN AT THE TOP OF THE CIRCULAR SAW.

The sawing-room contains 200 saws, each operator managing from 10 to 20. The saws are bronze discs with their edges prepared with diamond-dust. The diamonds are pressed on to the saws by gravity, and cut through very slowly. When sawn they pass to the cutters, and thence to the polishers.

A BULL DRESSED TO CROSS THE FLY BELT: ON THE WAY TO RHODESIA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTOPRESS.



ENVELOPED IN KHAKE MACINTOSH DRILL, AND WITH EYES, HORNS, NOSE, AND HOOFS COVERED WITH WAGON GREASE: A SOUTH AFRICAN BULL PROTECTED FOR A JOURNEY ACROSS TSETSE-FLY COUNTRY.

This curious photograph illustrates a plan recently adopted for getting shorthorn bulls from the Union of South Africa through tsetse-fly country into Northern Rhodesia, in order to start cattle ranches there by breeding with native cows. The experiment was made by ex-Sergt. Romsey, D.C.M., of the Northern Rhodesia Police. The bulls, which were three-year-olds, were acclimatised for two months on a ranch near Livingstone. They were then "dressed up," as the photograph

shows, by stitching (with string) khaki macintosh drill all over them, leaving exposed only their eyes, horns, noses, and hoofs. The exposed parts were covered with wagon grease. Every care was taken with regard to their food and water. They were entrained as far as Lusaka, whence they travelled across country to Chinsall, near Fife, through three fly-belts, the largest of which was twenty-one miles across. They marched only by night, when the tsetse is less on the wing.

A MEMORY TO UNITE US IN TIMES OF CRISIS: THE STONES OF YPRES, HALLOWED BY BRITISH HEROISM.



"IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE SUFFERING AND THE SACRIFICES . . . LET US ALL KEEP TOGETHER AND 'PLAY THE GAME'": THE RUINS OF YPRES, WITH THE CLOTH HALL AND THE CATHEDRAL—AN APPROPRIATE ILLUSTRATION TO EARL HAIG'S APPEAL TO THE NATION.

Earl Haig's appeal, circulated in the form of a strike poster, is very moving in its brief and soldierly straightforwardness. He calls upon the whole nation, especially those who served with him, to hang together in peace as they did in war. His words, which it is well to record in full, are as follows: "To All Citizens, including my comrades of all ranks in the Great War. A serious strike has begun. It is impossible to foresee what may happen before it ends. Much hardship amongst all classes will have to be endured, and every effort will be necessary to safeguard the welfare of the people. I hope that all ex-Service men will take

their part in helping to preserve the interests of the community, and that, without interfering in the matter in dispute, they will assist in supplying food and in carrying out all services essential to the health of the people, including the miners and their families. In remembrance of the suffering and the sacrifice of many thousands of our comrades in the late war, let us all keep together and 'play the game.'" The ruins of Ypres are an appropriate commentary. No place is more eloquent of the sacrifices made by our heroic soldiers and of the sorrows of those who mourn the fallen. It is a symbol of union in the day of peril.

WILD HERON IN A GREAT CITY: NESTING IN ROTTERDAM'S "ZOO."

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF DR. J. BÜTTIKOFER, OF THE DIERGAARDE, ROTTERDAM.



TWO MILES FROM THEIR NEAREST FOOD: A COLONY OF BLUE HERONS IN THE DIERGAARDE, ROTTERDAM.

Rotterdam is proud of the natural heronry in its Diergaarde (Zoological Gardens). For many centuries wild herons had inhabited the marshes and open-water meadows outside the city. Gradually, new streets, piling, and canal embankments invaded their haunts, but the herons still clung to their old breeding-places. They would have been ousted altogether, but for the establishment in 1857 of the Diergaarde in a reclaimed area. In 1870 a great aviary was erected, and soon afterwards wild herons settled in the elms and acacias close by, where their descendants still dwell. Modern Rotterdam has stretched so far beyond the gardens that the nearest fishing grounds for the birds to get food for their young

are at least two miles off, and the parents have to fly long distances to and fro over the city. Dr. Büttikofer, of the Diergaarde, writes regarding his photograph: "Every spring there is hardly a suitable tree in our great park which the herons do not try to occupy, so that, if we did not interfere, the whole gardens would be one great heronry. Of course, no nest can be tolerated above the walking paths, and the heronry has to be reduced to the first colony next to the aviary and an island with tall trees in the centre of the great pond. There are altogether about 250 nests, in each of which, as a rule, four young are reared. . . . No shooting is allowed." Our photograph shows the island colony.

THE NELSON TOUCH FOR SEA SCOUTS: A TRAFALGAR PRIZE IN PERIL.

BY COURTESY OF MR. G. WHEATLY COBB.



"THE ONLY LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP'S BATTERY THAT HAS EVER BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED": THE LOWER DECK OF THE OLD "FOUDROYANT," ONCE NELSON'S FLAG-SHIP—SHOWING THE MESS-TABLES BETWEEN THE GUNS.



THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE ENEMY FLEET AT TRAFALGAR: H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE" (FORMERLY THE "DUGUAY-TROUIN") NOW IN DANGER OF DESTRUCTION, BUT NEEDED FOR SEA SCOUTS.

Efforts are being made to save from threatened destruction the old line-of-battle ship "Implacable," built by the French as the "Duguay-Trouin" in 1789, and captured after Trafalgar, where she was in the enemy van, exchanged shots with the "Victory," and escaped. Later she saw forty years' active service in the British Navy and then became a boys' training-ship at Devonport. In 1908 she was advertised for sale. Mr. G. Wheatly Cobb, of Caldicot Castle, Monmouthshire, by interesting King Edward, secured her preservation. In 1912 she was lent to Mr. Cobb, who by August 1914 had spent £3000 on repairs. The Admiralty now require him to continue the work or surrender her, and have agreed to repair her at Devonport and bring her back to Falmouth for £6180. Sir Robert Baden-Powell wants a training-ship for Sea Scouts, and Mr. Cobb has offered the "Implacable" and undertaken to maintain her if the repair money can be raised. He appeals to the public for £10,000, to cover fitting her out for 250 boys.

Mr. Cobb has, for twenty-three years, done splendid work in the training of boys for the sea at Falmouth, in the 38-gun frigate "Foudroyant," which he bought from the shipbreakers in 1897 after losing the old "Foudroyant," wrecked at Blackpool in 1897. The guns were saved, and it is hoped to mount them in the "Implacable." The old "Foudroyant," Nelson's "darling child," was his flag-ship in the Mediterranean in 1799-1800. The upper photograph shows the port side, looking aft, of her lower deck, as restored by Mr. Cobb's father, Mr. J. R. Cobb, F.S.A., in 1896. Mr. Cobb writes: "It is the only line-of-battle ship's battery that has ever been photographed, and there is no adequate drawing in existence. . . . Between the guns will be noticed the mess-tables and benches where the crew took their meals, and which it is proposed should be used by the Sea Scouts in the 'Implacable.'" During the war 28,000 Sea Scouts replaced Coastguards, and their work deserves recognition.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

FOR the moment women novelists are more interesting than the men; the reason why it is so is explained in "SOME CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS (WOMEN)" (Leonard Parsons; 7s. 6d. net), by R. Brimley Johnson, who insists that they have a keener insight into "the real things, the deep things, the lonely frightened things in our souls." Almost inevitably their heroines, comparatively indifferent to actual things and

youthful confidence. Her new story, "THE ROMANTIC" (Collins; 9s. net), is slight and artificial in comparison with "Divine Fire" or "The Combined Maze," which seems to me as impressive as would be the work of a Thomas Hardy of the London suburbs. Freudism rather than mysticism—the neo-mysticism of Miss Evelyn Underhill, who now writes her romances of the contemplative soul as history—is the culture in which the persons of this new drama are presented. Charlotte Redhead, the protagonist, is a girl with a tempestuous episode in her near past, who takes an emotional leap from common sensualist to decadent sensualist. There is too much casualness in these "experiences" of modern heroines, the force of inherited tradition and of character (or even the look-see thereof which is called "good form") being factors that are never accounted for. But the most serious fault of "The Romantic" is that it is the author who is always making the points, not the characters.

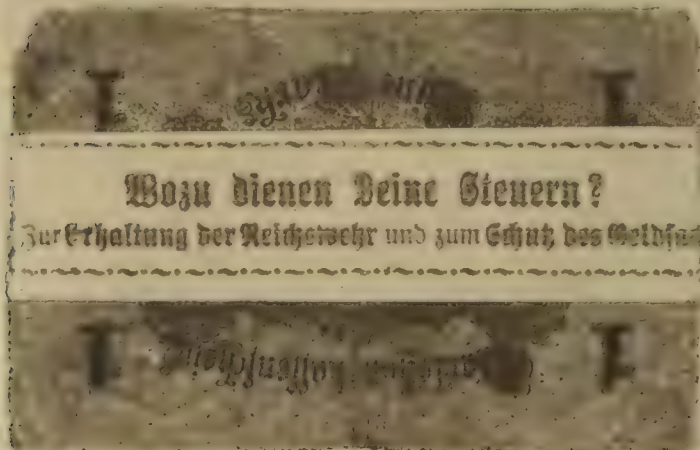
I find myself preferring less brilliant and self-sufficing stories in which there is more of the reality of human nature. For example, "THE HEADLAND" (Heinemann; 9s.), by Mrs. Dawson-Scott, who has made novel-writing the pre-occupation of a much-occupied life, and has at last reached a reso-

lute method. Charlotte Redhead and the other persons of "The Romantic" are shadows in retrospect—but the people of Mrs. Dawson-Scott's old Cornish manor house go on living substantially in one's mind, and their camouflaged rottenness—"the hard wood has turned to punk"—is made credible and skilfully exposed. A subtler and more original picture of self-satisfied degeneracy (or arrest of development?) is given in "THE LAST FORTNIGHT" (Collins; 9s. net), by Mary Agnes Hamilton, the scene of which is laid amid the cheap amenities of an Ealing villa. The egoism of Dick Cordery, the suburban golf-playing failure, and the egoism of his mother ("a smart old blackguard of a woman," in Mr. Bernard Shaw's phrase), which flowers in an odious, bullying hatred of Pauline, her daughter-in-law, are most cunningly contrasted. A simpler and more direct story is "ADAM'S FIRST WIFE" (Melrose; 7s. net), by Constance I. Smith, in which the cast-off mistress of a well-to-do young

"something in the City" marries a Sussex farmer to avoid being an unmarried mother, preferring the wrath of a disillusioned husband to the contempt of her squalid little world. There is nothing original in the expansion of the plot, but the novelist is to be praised for the way in which she elicits our unwilling sympathy for her garish, shallow little Lilith. Finally, to escape from the egoism of woman in love with her reflection in man's eyes into the soft

air of misty Irish mornings, you may read "UNCLE PIERCE'S LEGACY" (Methuen; 8s. 6d. net), by Dorothea Conyers, who is much more than the mere entertainer she is supposed to be.

To pass on to certain men novelists is to be tempted to use the philosophic terms, "subjective" and "objective"—even with the muffled emphasis of Coleridge's "soom-jective" and "oom-jective." "IN CHANCERY" (Heinemann; 9s. net), by John Galsworthy, continues the chronicles of the Forsyte clan, being a sequel to "The Man of Property," and to the charming "Indian Summer of a Forsyte" (contained in the volume entitled "Five Tales"), which describes the mellow wisdom of the oldest Jolyon, his happy intercourse with the fair and gentle Irene, and his not unhappy passing in a green old age. The present volume shows the "possessive instinct," which made old Jolyon and married Soames, widening from mid-Victorian provincialism to the business-like Imperialism which Mr. Galsworthy satirises—though he tramples on the commercialism of modern nations with a latent commercialism of his own, acquired in early years. The third generation is almost dominant in this volume of the family



REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA ON GERMAN PAPER MONEY: A 1-MARK NOTE WITH AN APPEAL, PRINTED IN RED, GUMMED ON.

The appeal on the strip of paper gummed across the note reads: "What is the use of your taxes? To support the Army and to protect the capitalists!"

events, tend to egoism. But, as Mr. Brimley Johnson points out, woman as egoist is quite another creature from the complaisant male, the Meredithian personage who feels himself to be the centre of the universe, and is sure that all things circle round his comfort or his ambition. It is rather a mystical self-sufficiency she seeks and ensues; an independence of persons and events and influences, which can dispense with material boons, the flash of limelight and all other signs of sovereignty. So woman, in theory, withdraws into herself and poses in a chamber of mirrors as the Absolute incarnate. In practice, creation becomes self-expression with the ultra-modern woman novelist, who, it follows, is apt to be much more concerned with her art than her male rival. Yet all the time they are "romance-realists" seeing the splendour beyond the squalor of self-seeking, and finding Beauty in a vision of the undying soul. A female Galsworthy is for the moment unthinkable.

Miss May Sinclair is placed first in Mr. Brimley Johnson's select list of fourteen, because of the maturity of her work and the sureness of touch which is the fruit of experience rather than of



AMONG THE RAREST OF OLD CHINESE PORCELAIN: A BULB-GROWING BOWL OF THE FAMOUS CHÜN WARE OF THE SUNG DYNASTY, GIVEN TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

By the generosity of subscribers, aided by the National Art-Collections Fund, the Victoria and Albert Museum has acquired a specimen of one of the rarest and most keenly sought of early Chinese porcelains—the celebrated Chun ware of the Sung Dynasty. Hitherto, though more than one American Museum can show examples of this beautiful ware, in England it could be studied only in private collections. It is a shallow bowl, of the finest quality, for growing bulbs in, made in the usual form with three small feet and, round the side, a row of studs in relief. The "transmutation" glaze is predominantly crimson, with curd-like flecks of bluish-white and passages of fiery rose. The inside has a cloudy greyish-lavender glaze showing, where contraction has occurred in the firing, the so-called "earthworm" markings. The under-side has a brown glaze with olive-green markings, and bears the numeral 'ai' (7), indicating the size, cut through the glaze before firing; it also displays another feature of the true Chun porcelain, a ring of scars left by the breaking-away of the "stilts" or "cockspurs" used for support in the kiln.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright Photograph.



SHOWING THE NUMERAL (7) AND THE RING OF SCARS LEFT BY THE BREAKING-AWAY OF SUPPORTS IN THE KILN: THE UNDER-SIDE OF THE THREE-FOOTED CHÜN WARE BOWL.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright Photograph.

history. But the love-affair of the second Jolyon with the still lovely and impulsive Irene, is the central episode, and its sacrificial splendour stands out against the dismal background of Soames Forsyte's ineffectual efforts—first, to recover the lost Irene, and, when that plan fails ludicrously, and "Forsyte v. Forsyte and Forsyte" introduces an fff note into the Bayswater Road conversation, to marry a Soho restaurant-keeper's daughter who will give him a son and heir (he is then worth at least £130,000). It is impossible not to admire Mr. Galsworthy's scientific realism, though I myself find little joy in contemplating his world purged of romance. I could not find the right contrast to his calculated camouflage in "THE CAPTIVES" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net), by Hugh Walpole, which is the story of a singularly dull love-affair, broken off and then knotted up again, written with the prolixity of a novel of Russian psychology (pathology, rather!). But the antidote arrived in Mr. G. Colby Borley's "THE LOST HORIZON" (Methuen; 8s. 6d. net), which is the best first novel I have read for many a day—so good, indeed, as almost to challenge comparison with a certain South American romance by Mr. Joseph Conrad. In a vivacious, virile narrative—in which the adjective-limit is never exceeded—we are shown the complex actions and reactions which follow the smashing-up of the Royera régime in Torriaca, a petty Central American State, and we pursue the fortunes of the political exiles through a stormy sea of incident and incidental psychology. We are also intrigued by an explosive love-affair, in which the surrender of Berenice is perhaps intended to illustrate the dreadful but exhilarating truth that morality is largely a matter of latitude.

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ADAM DESIGN

LADIES' NEWS.

A WEEK of weddings has clearly demonstrated that the autumn fashions are in full swing, and that they are eye-satisfying in line, colour, and style. There is some difference of opinion about the short bridal frocks, turned up a few inches below the knees without any hem, and with them long trains. The brides were young girls, pretty and dainty, so the effect was fascinating. Had their charms been of a different character, I doubt the same result. The new Countess of Brecknock is a lovely little girl and looked sweet—I dislike the word, but it is in place here—in her pretty gown with its long girdle-ends of pearls and its pearl embroidery round the square train. A bandeau of pearls in the hair under the tulle veil was pretty with clusters of orange blossom at either side. The blue-clad pages and bridesmaids in love-in-the-mist blue, carrying bouquets of yellow "Melody" roses tied with yellow tulle, were most effective. The new Lady Ossulston is also a pretty girl, with dark hair and eyes and a lovely ivory-white skin. Her mother-in-law sent her to the church, carefully wrapped up, the satin cushion covered with lovely old Italian lace on which she knelt at her own wedding; and Lord and Lady Tankerville and their younger son arrived with the bride's mother. The stalwart Duke of Somerset escorted the Duchess, who was smartly attired in brown and wore sable furs.

The Countess of Tankerville was Miss Leonora van Marter, and not long ago she bought Plas Newydd, the well-known and most picturesque home of the Ladies of Llangollen, so often visited by tourists. The Dowager Countess of Tankerville is the eldest daughter of the sixth Duke of Manchester, and is now ninety, and living near Tunbridge Wells. Lord and Lady Tankerville have two sons; the younger, about seventeen, was at his brother's wedding. The Bennet family were originally of Middlesex in the sixteenth century. A member of it married Lady Mary Grey, daughter and heiress of the first and last Earl of Tankerville of 1695 creation, and her son was, at the death of his father-in-law, created Earl of Tankerville, the present holder of the title being the seventh Peer.

Winter just upon us and a miners' strike on, makes the consideration of warmth a very important matter. Fuel is not, after all, the surest source of comfort unless we consider the heat of our own bodies as such. To maintain this heat is to be comfortable, be the grate never so frugally supplied. It is, therefore, of general interest to mention that the famous

British Wolsey Underwear is the best means to this desirable end. The Wolsey Company is the only underwear firm holding itself entirely responsible for every garment bearing its name. It spins its own yarn, makes the garments, finishes and packs them,



THE CHIC OF THE NEW "TAILLEUR."

Anything can be done with blue serge; it all depends on the cut and the way it is made. Supreme elegance is attained in this particular costume from Molyneux with its embroidered stripes. Photograph by Central News.

labels them and then distributes them to the retailers. It is thus possible to see at every stage that everything is up to the highest standard of excellence and to effect economies of which customers enjoy the full advantage. There is no better preventive of chill, and all the evils in its train, than this cosy, comfortably-fitting—whatever one's size may be—underwear. Also any bit of it found to shrink in the wash will be replaced.

The engagements of two members of the historic Cecil family were announced in the same daily paper. One is the only surviving child of Lord and Lady Edward Cecil, Miss Helen Cecil, whose first season was this year. Her father, the Marquess of Salisbury's soldier uncle, Colonel Lord Edward Cecil, died in 1918. His only son was killed in action at the beginning of the war. Lady Edward Cecil is the daughter of the late Admiral Augustus Maxse. Miss Helen Cecil is to marry the Hon. Alexander Hardinge, only surviving son of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, the King's new Ambassador to France. Captain Hardinge is in the Grenadier Guards, served through the war, and got an M.C. and some wounds. He is now one of his Majesty's private secretaries. He also lost an older brother in the war.

The other Cecil engagement is that of Miss Mary Cecil, younger of the twin daughters of the Right Rev. Lord William Cecil, Lord Bishop of Exeter, and Lady William Cecil. She worked on the land with her sister. Miss Cecil is tall and slender, and can drive a car or horses. She is to marry a prospective Peer, as her cousin is doing. Her fiancé is the Hon. Francis Henry Manners, only surviving son of Lord and Lady Manners; he is in the Grenadier Guards, and lost his elder brother in the war. This wedding will probably take place in Exeter Cathedral. Lady William Cecil is an aunt of the Earl of Lathom, and is a general favourite. The Bishop of Exeter and Lady William Cecil had three sons killed in action, and their only surviving son, Captain Victor Cecil, was wounded twice.

A ready-to-wear costume by a firm like Liberty's at a cost so moderate as £5 17s. 6d. is a real boon. In accordance with a custom which has secured the gratitude of multitudes of clients, Liberty's have issued a folder giving patterns in four colourings of Liberty cloth, also two most attractive styles in which they can be made up at this price in three sizes. Those of my readers who would like to have one of these folders have only to write for it, and it will reach them post free. A. E. L.



From Leading Drapers and Stores.

Frazerton Overalls are made in six styles and at six prices:—"HILDA" 16/6; "EMILY" 17/6; "JEAN" 18/6; "ELSIE" 19/6; "JESSIE" 20/6; "LAURA" 21/6. Colours:—Blue, brown, mauve, rose, green, navy. FREE.—If your draper does not stock these overalls, write for Style Chart, Cloth Sample Book, and name of nearest agent to FRAZER & HAUGHTON Ltd., Cullybackey, Co. Antrim, Ireland.

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Frazerton Overalls are "roomy," so that they can be slipped on and off in a moment. There is actually more cloth used in a Frazerton than in any other overall we know of. Look at the illustration—there is no tightness under the arms, no dragging across the front, no skimpiness in the skirt. There is fullness everywhere, and fullness means more comfort for you and better protection for your dress.

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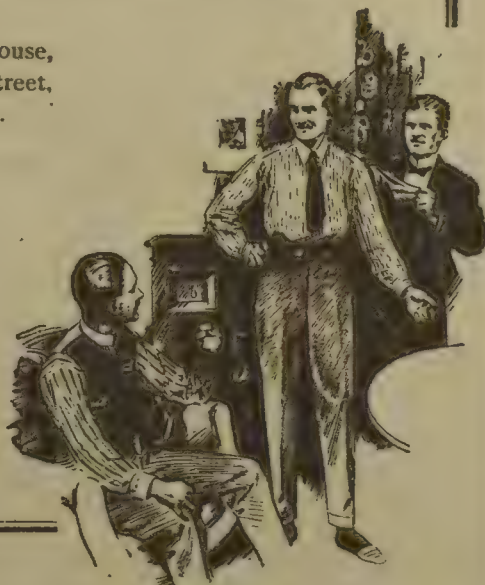
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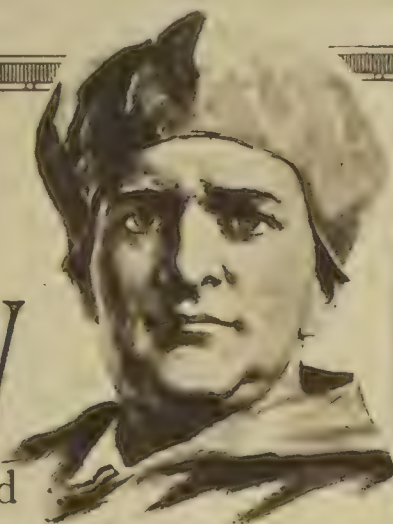
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

OMENS have largely gone out of fashion among us, but old beliefs, like old customs, die hard. Among these is the belief that the dread reaper Death will sometimes give warning of his approach by ominous ticking sounds, like those of a watch. I have myself, as a boy, been bidden to listen to such warnings, and I remember well the horrid fascination which the mysterious sounds conjured up; but as the warnings were unfulfilled the incident was soon forgotten. It was vividly recalled the other day, however, when I read in one of the newspapers that a native of Stockwell had placed it on record that the deaths of many of his family had been preceded by the ticking of the Death-watch, or Black Clock! Evidently the poor man believed it, and, what is more, would probably resent the suggestion that he had been merely the victim of coincidence.

But these mysterious sounds bear quite another message. For they speak, not of death, but of life; inasmuch as they are made by a diminutive Romeo when paying vows of constancy to his prospective mate! The good people who grow sick with dread at the sound of this music would turn their thoughts, not to funerals but to wedding-bells, did they but carefully examine the leg of the table at which they were sitting, for signs of the troubadour's presence. Here, or in some other piece of furniture, they would find numerous tiny holes, like pin-holes, filled up, many of them, with a fine powder. The occupants of these burrows are small beetles and their larvæ, known to the coleopterist as *Xestobium rufovillosum*.

These serenades, however, are not performed within the burrows, but in the open room immediately after their escape from the pupal condition during April and May. The ticking sound is produced by tapping the head rapidly—as many as

eight times in a second—against the woodwork on which they are resting.

After mating has taken place the female proceeds to lay her eggs, choosing for this purpose crevices in bookcases and other solid furniture, and in the panelling of rooms. But they haunt, for choice, rooms where the furniture is of oak or chestnut; though cases are on record where old books have been riddled with these burrows. From the egg, which is small and white, there presently emerges a tiny



BURNT BY BRITISH ORDERS AFTER IT HAD BEEN STOLEN BY GERMANS:
A GERMAN "SCOUT" ON FIRE.

white grub, or "maggot," which proceeds to eat its way inwards, the material removed in the process of tunnelling serving as the creature's food.

For nearly three years this destructive little maggot pursues his way. Then comes the resting or "pupal" state, which takes place during the late summer or autumn. In about three weeks it emerges as a beetle, but remains in the pupal cells until the following spring, when it proceeds to gnaw its way to freedom, and presently to make the flesh of the lords of creation creep with the fear of impending death, by its Morse Code messages of love to its prospective mate!

The adult beetle measures from one-fourth to one-third of an inch in length, but the larva, when full grown, is about half an inch long. In the matter of colour this beetle is not attractive, being of a dark brown irregularly spotted and banded with thick patches of yellow hair. The section of the body known as the prothorax, which lies between the head and the trunk, slopes down towards broadly flanged sides, which the first describers of the Death-watch mistakenly called the ears. Since it produces such remarkable sounds, ears of some sort there must certainly be, but where they are placed is still a mystery. It is supposed they are located in the antennæ.

Those who have the good fortune to capture one of these beetles may easily watch the method of producing the weird ticking sounds which have been the cause of so much perturbation. One has only to place the captive in a small wooden box, and with a key, or similar hard body, set up a series of rapid tappings. At once an answering call will be made, and the method of its production can be seen with ease.

The common furniture-beetle, *Anobium punctatum*, is also said to make ticking sounds, though this has been disputed. It is a smaller insect than the true Death-watch, and more in

evidence than its larger relative, since it is more addicted to furniture, floors, and rafters made from deal and pine wood, though oak and beech, and, out-doors, alder and willow, are also attacked.

Wherever the surface of furniture, rafters, or panelling is pierced with innumerable small round holes, the presence of these destructive insects is indicated. But unless such holes are filled with a fine powder, they may be regarded as untenanted. How to destroy the living insect, and records of their ravages, might well form the theme of another article in this column.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

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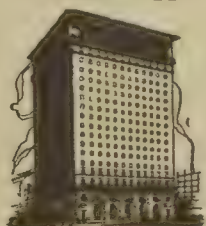
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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris, Oct. 16, 1920.

PARIS is herself once more. After a long and refreshing holiday, her devotees have returned to find a new and popular President installed, and, what is almost as important, her streets brilliantly illuminated. What matters it, then, that meat is both scarce and dear—that meatless days even may again have to be enforced? Is not the Government taking energetic measures to lower the cost of living by vigorously prosecuting food profiteers all over the country? In vain does Monsieur Capus tell us, in his admirably written articles in the *Gaulois*, that the poor *paysan* is not waxing rich on the prices he charges his brothers in the towns for his chickens and eggs and

butter; those of us who have relatives in the country know better than to believe him. Here is an illustration of what I mean: A friend of mine lives in the country, not far from Paris. His nearest neighbour is a small farmer, who, before the war, tilled his own land with the aid of his wife and daughter. Some two years ago he started keeping poultry, and last week he went to Paris and bought for his wife a diamond ring worth £300! There is no doubt about it—chickens *do* pay in these days; but, as we can't all have chicken farms (and diamond rings), we must be philosophical, eat veal, and wear rings made of nothing more extravagant than elephant hair, in the hope that the latter may at least bring us good luck!

The Strike Craze.

It has become a truism to say that the world in which we live is topsy-turvy, but we cannot get away from the fact that things *have* changed round considerably, and that there is a fever of unrest in all sections of society, which shows very little signs of abating. There is much talk of "settling down" to work again; but it seems to me that the habit of working is almost a thing of the past; while the habit of "striking" is rapidly taking its place, and proving, unfortunately only too often, to be almost as remunerative as was formerly the habit of working.

A Charming Idea.

An American lady resident in Paris has had the charming idea of raising sufficient funds amongst her friends to found no fewer than ten scholarships in the Académie des Beaux Arts, each scholarship bearing the name of some distinguished French General, while one is in the name of General Pershing. As a staunch believer in the Entente Cordiale between England and France, I should like to commend this idea to some philanthropist at home, who, by founding perhaps musical scholarships in the names of some of our most distinguished soldiers, would be paying them a graceful compliment and cementing the friendship of the two countries at the same time.

At the Theatre.

All Paris is discussing the new play which those popular favourites, M. and Mme. Guitry (Yvonne Printemps), presented to the public for the first time this week. Under the simple title of "Je t'Aime," they depict for us the happiness of two human beings, described simply as "Elle" and "Lui," who, in defiance of the old-established French custom, choose to marry without the usual "conseil de famille." How they live and love, despite a critical and cynical world which refuses to believe in a happy marriage, is told in five short acts—and four long intervals—with all the charm and technique with which this clever pair

are so richly endowed. Of an entirely different type is the Bernstein play, a revival of which has taken Paris by storm. "La Rafale" is a piece which grips the audience from the very beginning and sustains the interest to the end, brilliantly acted throughout.



REYNARD ON STILTS: A GHOST FOX UNEXPECTEDLY MATERIALISED AT THE "ZOO."

It is forty years since a South American Ghost Fox (as the natives call him) has been seen at the "Zoo," and the species was believed to be extinct. The recent arrival of this fine specimen, presented by Mr. Chalmers, a Brazilian mine manager, was therefore a keen delight to zoologists. It is about six times the size of the British fox. The animal is also known as the "maned wolf," a misleading name, as he is not a wolf and has no mane. Ghost foxes were exterminated in Argentina for their damage to crops, but survive in Brazil.—[Photograph by G.P.A.]



A HYDE PARK POLICE-BOX CONVERTED INTO A WIRELESS STATION: PUBLIC INTEREST IN A COAL-STRIKE PRECAUTION.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

Pictures and "Progress."

Taking my courage in both hands, I pushed my way into the Grand Palais on the day of the "Vernissage" and endeavoured to get some idea of the collection of pictures in the Salon d'Automne. One might describe it as Bolshevism in Art, for a general renunciation of all rules of drawing, of perspective, and of composition would seem to be required of all those who aspire to being in the vanguard of modern Art. Fortunately for those of us who are not sufficiently advanced to appreciate the art of to-morrow, and still cling to the absurd conventions of line and colour, such masters as Jules Flandrin, Marcel-Lenoir, and a new-comer, Diriks—whose Norwegian landscapes bring with them a breath of pure mountain air—are still permitted to exhibit their orthodox paintings, which stand out in strong relief (I use the word in *every* sense) from the surrounding chaos.

Post Early to Friends Abroad.

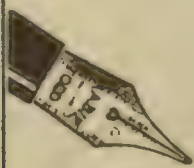
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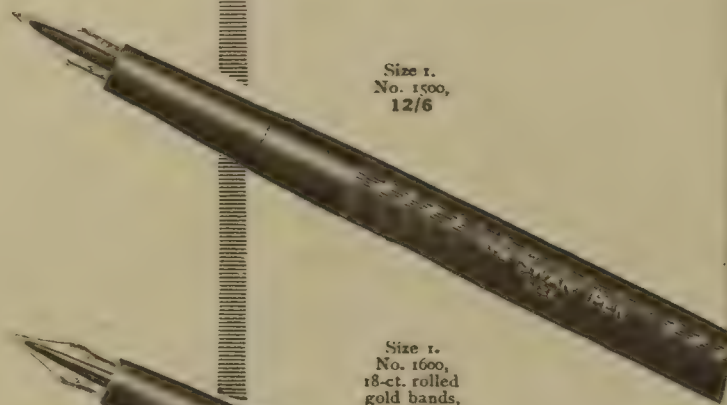
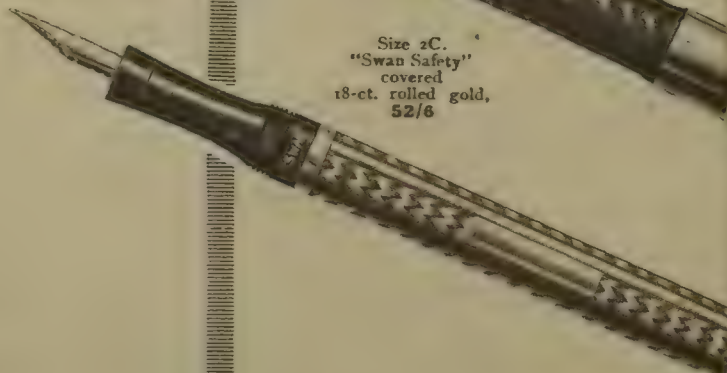
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THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

FOUR pretty sets of stamps have just been issued for an equal number of the island dependencies of New Zealand in the Pacific Ocean. They include the Cook Islands, now styled Rarotonga, and the islands of Aitutaki, Niue, and Penrhyn. There are six stamps for each group, and the designs are similar for each, only the colours being different. They are finely printed in bicolour, and most of them illustrate local scenery. The 1½d. value presents an excellent portrait of Captain Cook, the great circumnavigator, copied from an old print.

I am illustrating the complete set for Rarotonga; pictorially the other three sets are identical, only the name of the dependency at the top being different, and the arrangement of the colours, of which I give a list: Aitutaki—½d., dull green and black; 1d., carmine and black; 1½d., deep brown and black; 3d., deep blue and black; 6d., indigo and purple-brown; 1s., lake and purple-brown. Niue—½d., light green and black; 1d., bright red and black; 1½d., vermilion and black; 3d., light blue and black; 6d., deep green and black; 1s., sepia and purple-brown. Penrhyn—½d., bright green and black; 1d., scarlet and black; 1½d., violet and black; 3d., vermilion and black; 6d., deep brown and purple-brown; 1s., indigo and purple-brown. Rarotonga—½d., green and black; 1d., rose-red and black; 1½d., dull blue and black; 3d., pale brown and black; 6d., orange and purple-brown; 1s., violet and purple-brown.

Owing to the raising of the postal tariff in Finland, a number of the current stamps have been changed in colour to conform to the colour scheme of the Universal Postal Union. This provides for the equivalents of the 5, 10, and 25 centimes stamps (½d., 1d., and 2½d.) being respectively green, red, and blue, so that these denominations may be readily distinguished in any country by native postal employees unfamiliar with other languages than their own. The Finnish stamps which have been changed are: 5 pennia, grey; 10 pennia, green; 20 pennia, red; 25 pennia, brown; 50 pennia, blue.

AKIN TO THE SCOTTISH BROCHS:

THE NURAGHI OF SARDINIA.

(See Illustrations on Page 687.)

WE published lately an interesting illustrated account of some of the mysterious prehistoric buildings abundant in Scotland, and known by the name of "brochs," or "brochs."

They were, in effect, burghs, fortresses, places of refuge in case of attack, where the population of shepherds hastened to take shelter at the first signal

unhewn stones found in the late Neolithic monuments. It is, in any case, difficult to assign a precise date to the construction of these brochs. Everything points to their great antiquity, in our view anterior to the first Iron Age. They certainly were kept in use by successive peoples up to the Roman period, but it is remarkable that in three of the Keiss brochs (Caithness) painted pebbles resembling those from Mas d'Azil in the Pyrenees have been found, suggesting far more ancient origin. The Azilians were the last of the Palæolithic people,

and it is known that they went by sea as far north as Scotland. There they may have imported their traditions, their implements, and the typical pebbles which still puzzle students as to their true significance.

The building of brochs all over the country proves, at any rate, that a state of brigandage had set in, and that means of protection had been devised to escape the raids of cattle robbers, who no doubt did not spare any man, woman, or child in their expeditions.

Now, the co-existence of a very similar kind of building in far-away Sardinia has ever been a subject of perplexity since historic times began. Some parts of the island of Sardinia are dotted with several thousands of these towers, some isolated, but more often forming groups of three and five surrounded by a megalithic wall, and all placed in such a way that signals might be exchanged between one group and another.

These towers are called *nuraghi*. Like the Scottish brochs, they are in ruins, but some are still fairly well preserved. So much so, indeed, that some Sardinian peasants manage to live in them in a rough sort of way.

Within the enclosure a number of huts, mostly circular in shape, nestled round the place of refuge, each surrounded by its private wall, very much indeed as shown in the plan of the Scottish broch traced on the drawing on page 687 of this number.

Unlike the brochs, however, which are open to the sky, the *nuraghi* ended at the top in a terrace. Their interior consisted of a circular room, dome-shaped, built, like the beehive huts (those subterranean chambers found in many parts of England), by advancing each layer of stone an inch or two beyond the under layer in the direction of the centre, the

[Continued overleaf.]



1 to 6. New and pretty stamps for New Zealand's Pacific Island Dependencies: the set for Rarotonga (formerly the Cook Islands), identical pictorially with three other sets for Aitutaki, Niue, and Penrhyn, and including an excellent portrait of Captain Cook. 7 and 8. Changed in colour to conform to the colour-scheme of the Universal Postal Union: two of the Finnish stamps altered—the 5-pennia (grey) and the 10-pennia (green).

Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.

of alarm and there could resist a siege, at least for a short period when there was no water in the broch, living in the meantime on the provisions kept in the fortress in view of some such emergency.

These buildings bear witness to the development of architecture among the savage tribes of northern Scotland, and are attributed to the late Celtic age which commenced about 600 B.C. They are no doubt an improvement on the ruder constructions of the megalithic people who erected the dolmens, although the culminating achievement of Stonehenge shows how far they had advanced from the use of rough,

What Doctors say about

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The Great British Aperient Water

AUTHORITATIVE reports, of which these are typical specimens, and the fact that Osmos is prescribed by Doctors throughout the Kingdom, afford convincing proof of the efficiency of Osmos.

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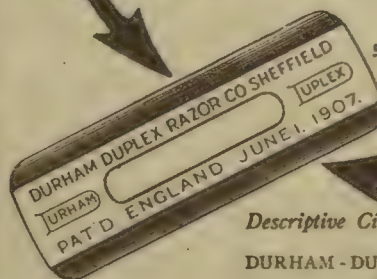
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Continued.

dome being closed by a flat slab. No light entered this room, which was flanked by three niches at right-angles, not counting the entrance, which consisted of a very low opening some three feet high closed by a big stone, and a higher passage on which opened the stair or slope which ran spirally through the masonry up to the terrace.

Above the room thus described a second room existed, and sometimes, but rarely, a third one, built on the same plan as the lower and largest, but of course reduced in size on approaching the top of the tower. These upper rooms received a little light through some aperture in the wall at the level of the stairs which gave access to the rooms. It seems remarkable, from what we may observe in the ruin of the nuraghe of Torralba, that the shape of this opening or window is exactly on the same lines as that opening on the interior of the Scottish broch!

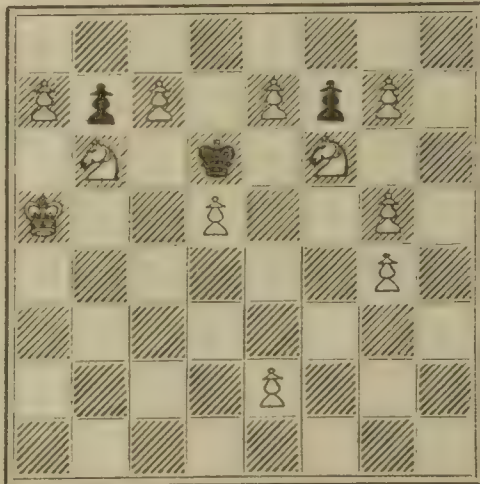
Now, who were the men who built the nuraghi? We take it that they were closely related to the broch-builders. Diodorus Siculus attributed the nuraghi to Dædalus, called to Sardinia by Tolas; others to Norax, chief of the Iberians. The Tyrrhenians, the Egyptians, and the Phrygians have also been mentioned as the possible builders.

Now, the Iberians, through their successive invasions of Spain, mixed with the Celts; then they passed to Ireland, where are found ancient circular dwellings like the domical chambers of the nuraghi. If, as it may be supposed, the Iberians invaded Sardinia at the beginning of the Bronze Age, displacing a late Neolithic population, one might attribute the building of the brochs, if not to themselves, at least to the influence of an art of masonry brought from the East by Asiatic people who gradually expanded to countries like Scotland, far removed from their place of origin.

CHESS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 3841 and 3842 received from H. F. Marker (Porbandar, India); of No. 3843 from P. N. Banerji (Dhar, India); of No. 3845 from P. Cooper (Clapham), A. E. Hutchinson (Liverpool), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), Léon Ryłski (Belfast), R. J. Lonsdale (New Brighton), H. W. Satow (Bangor), M. J. F. Crewell (Tulse Hill), A. V. Markwell, and Jas. C. Gemmell (Campbeltown).

* PROBLEM No. 3847.—By H. F. L. MEYER.
BLACK



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3846 received from Mark Dawson (Horsforth), J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay), Jas. C. Gemmell (Campbeltown), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), A. H. H. (Bath), M. J. F. Crewell (Tulse Hill), E. J. Smith (Streatham), J. Wilson (Dublin), J. S. Forbes

(Brighton), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and Albert Taylor (Sheffield).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3845.—By E. G. B. BARLOW.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to Q Kt 6th K to K 4th
2. Q to K 3rd Any move.
3. Q or B mates.

If Black play 1. K takes Kt, 2. Q to B sq, etc.; if 1. K takes P, 2. Q to B sq (ch), etc.; and if 1. P to Q 5th, then B to Q 6th (ch), etc.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in Masters' Tournament between Messrs. JACKSON and MLOTKOWSKI, at Atlantic City, N.J., to which the brilliancy prize was subsequently awarded.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	A mistake, admitting White's	Kt at once to K 5th. Kt to K B
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	3rd is less open to objection.	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	14. Kt to K 5th	Q to R 6th
4. B to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th	15. R to Kt 3rd	Q takes P
5. B to Q 3rd	P to K R 3rd	A fatal capture, but Black is	playing at this point much below
6. B takes Kt	Q takes B	his standard. He was in poor	health at the time.
7. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	16. R to Kt 3rd	P to K B 4th
8. Castles	B takes Kt	17. Q to R 5th	R to B 3rd
9. P takes B		18. Q to K 8th (ch)	
White comes out with the better		The opportunity is now offered	and taken of a brilliant conclusion.
position as the result of these ex-		The winner, who tied for third	place in the Tournament, is a new-
changes. His pieces are well in		comer in first-class play from	whom, apparently, much may be
action, and the open Q Kt file		hoped for.	
presently becomes of the highest		18. K to R 2nd	
value. Black, on the other hand,		19. R takes P (ch) K takes R	
is seriously restricted, especially on		20. Q to K 7th (ch)	Black resigns.
the Queen's wing.			
9. P takes P			
10. B takes P	Kt to Q 2nd		
11. R to Kt sq	P to B 3rd		
12. Q to K 2nd	Q to K 2nd		
13. P to B 4th			
Preparing a way for the Queen's			
Rook to cross the board presently.			
13. Kt to Kt 3rd			

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GOODNESS
SAKE
EAT**

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REGD.

—and other **BISCUITS** made by

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"Last the time of three."

Men's Stout	-	-	5/6 per set.
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Heels only—Men's Light	-	-	1/6 pair.
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FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.
Extra charge for fixing

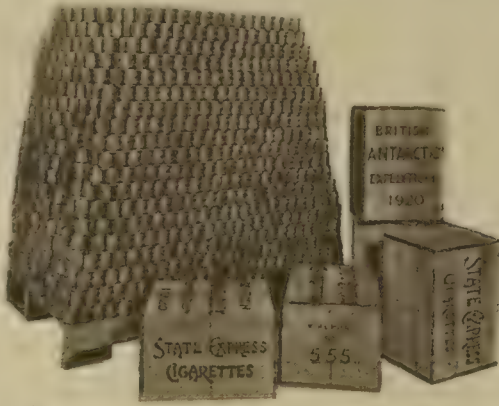


HINDE'S HAIR WAVERS

Seven Different
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each with a purpose

MISCELLANEOUS.

KING GEORGE'S FUND for Sailors, which it is hoped to raise to over a million pounds, cannot fail to win the support of all who appreciate the splendid work of the Navy and the Merchant Service during the war. It was founded in 1917, when the submarine menace was at its height, and is run on the same lines as King Edward's Fund for Hospitals, sums being allocated, where the need is greatest, to various institutions of marine benevolence, including hospitals, homes, orphanages, hostels, and Samaritan and pension funds. In making grants, the Council satisfies itself that the institution aided is well administered, without overlapping or extravagant methods of collection. The working expenses of the Fund itself never exceed one per cent., a very low proportion. The rest of the money all goes to the objects for which it is given. At a recent dinner at the Mansion House on behalf of the Fund, over £37,240 was collected. The Duke of York, as President, announced that the King had conferred



THE ONLY CIGARETTES CARRIED BY THE 1920 BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: "STATE EXPRESS" GIVEN BY THE ARDATH TOBACCO CO. These cigarettes were given by the Ardath Tobacco Co. to the British Antarctic Expedition, which recently left England for the South Pole under Commander Cope, R.N.

a knighthood (K.B.E.) on the Deputy Chairman, Capt. A. W. Clarke. The Chairman is the Duke of Connaught.

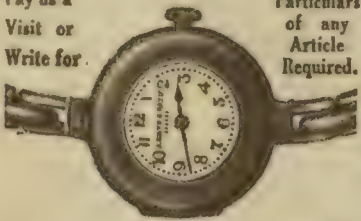
In spite (writes "A. E. L.") of the efforts of many enterprising amateur designers, urged by the plaints of a daily paper that the head-covering of man was sadly out of date, and that our great male minority were awaiting breathlessly something new, neat, light, and becoming, created by millineric genius for their benefit, I can see no change. The "tile," the "bowler," the "Stetson," still hide the locks—or cover the lack of them—of mankind, who has amusedly looked at the pictures of new head-gear for his sex with a strong determination not to adopt it. "Stetson" hats are of finest style, and are procurable at all well-known shops. They are light, comfortable, durable, and very becoming. The velour Homburg hat, now carefully called *Tyrolean*, will attain no more popularity. It is too reminiscent of the ex-Kaiser and his many theatrical hunting portraits, and the velour of which it is made hails from Austria.

WATCHMAKERS ESTD. 1851

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9-ct. " " " "	17 17 0
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Both are sold everywhere at 1/2 per oz.
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Medium	6 ^d	1/-	2/5	4/8
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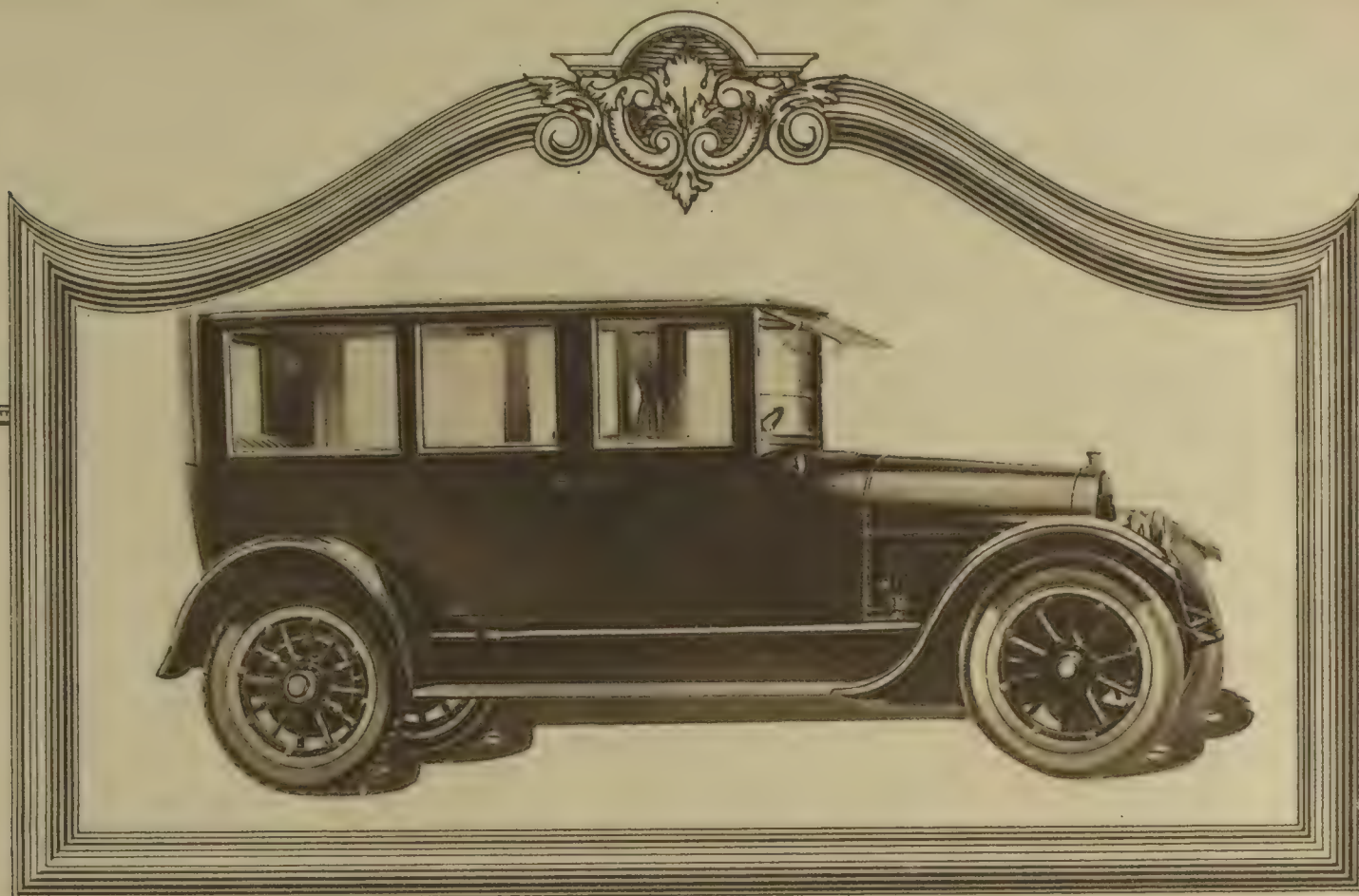
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Show to be Held.

It was obvious that the strike of the miners, together with other threats of industrial trouble, must give anxious thought to the Council of the Society of Motor Manufacturers. The Show is only a week away now, and the grave question had to be decided whether or not it would be possible to hold it. That the decision arrived at to carry on with the arrangements is a wise one, I think most who are conversant with the state of affairs now ruling in the industry will agree. If ever we wanted the Motor Show in the whole history of automobilism in this country, I think we need it now. The entire industry and the movement itself are in the position of needing stabilisation which only the Show can supply at the present time. I have particularly in mind the situation brought about by the fluctuations in car prices. It is perfectly true to say that nobody—manufacturer, agent, or purchaser—knows where he is in the matter of prices. Certain makers have made drastic cuts in the cost of their cars. Others have actually made increases, while the bulk have not changed them. The consequence is that, apart altogether from trade depression and the situation caused by industrial unrest, buying has completely dried up, and people are withholding the orders they were prepared to place until they see the trend of prices. Personally, I think they are perfectly right to wait until the Show forces the manufacturers to declare their prices for the ensuing year, particularly as the present situation is one which is the growth of the past month only. Nobody who has held up his order within that period is likely to suffer in the matter of delivery if he waits now until the Show policies are announced.

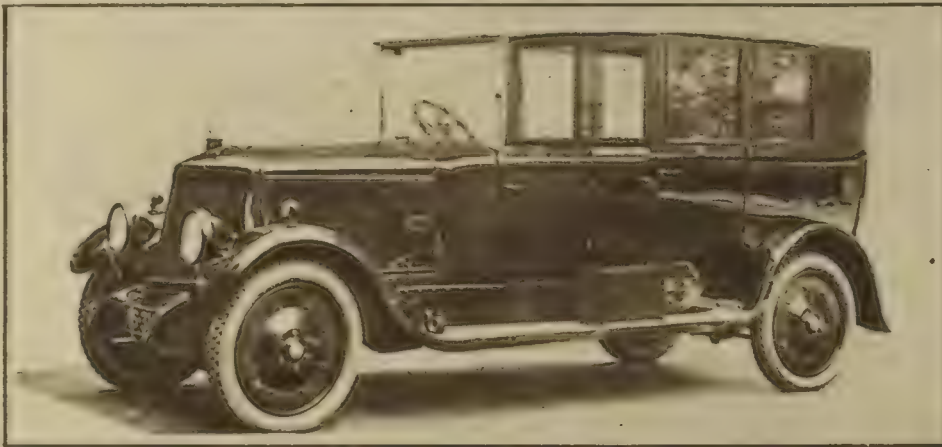
Assuming that the Show will be held—since the decision to carry on was taken—we have been threatened by the railwaymen, and as I write it is impossible to say what is going to happen, and there may be no Show after all—it will open in a curious atmosphere. Nobody knows as yet what the other's policy is

likely to be—whether he will reduce his prices, raise them, or keep them where they are. Therefore, there will be a good deal of jockeying for position for the first two days, but by the Monday decisions will have



THE NEW 16-H.P. VULCAN: A CAR OF ATTRACTIVE QUALITY.

to be made, and we shall know where we are for the coming season. I do not think it will be even remotely possible for makers generally to reduce



WITH COACHWORK ALSO BY THE ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY COMPANY: A SIX-CYLINDER ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY LANDAULETTE.

prices. Some will be able to pare off a few pounds; but of any marked general reduction there will be none. The costs of manufacture have increased very

heavily during 1920, and as there has been practically nothing in the way of profiteering by the manufacturing side of the industry, the tendency must almost inevitably be for prices to go higher. Of course, as things are, makers will endeavour to keep prices as low as possible; but there is really so small a margin that any benefit the public is likely to get will be at the expense of a cut in the manufacturer's profit.

The Inefficient Repairer.

Quite an interesting discussion has been conducted in the *Times* lately relative to the hopeless inefficiency of the average garage repairer. I notice that more than one well-known motorist professes scant sympathy with car-owners who prefer to send their cars to "cheap" garages in preference to entrusting their work to firms who employ highly skilled labour and who charge accordingly. There are two sides to this question. I have myself had work done by certain of these expensive firms, and in two cases at least I have had more cause for dissatisfaction—legitimate cause, too—than one would expect if the car had been sent to the most veritable carbutcher of them all. In fact, so unfortunate has been my experience, that for the future when a man tells me all about the highly skilled mechanics he employs, and the high rate of wages he pays to get only the best, I shall take my car somewhere else, where they are just plain, good workmen who know their job reasonably well and get on with it. The worst of some of these high-charging repair works is that there is no personal supervision of the work. Everything is left to the mechanics who are given the job, and when they report that it is finished and quite right, their word is taken for it. The customer takes his car away, having paid a bill which would make a Levantine Jew blush as he made it up, and later on finds that there is something very seriously wrong. He goes back to the repairer, to get scant satisfaction from that quarter. Not seldom he will be told that really the best thing he can do is to sell it—the car is getting on in years, and it is not to the owner's interest to spend much money on it. This after having

(Continued overleaf)

STAND 18 OLYMPIA

Ruston



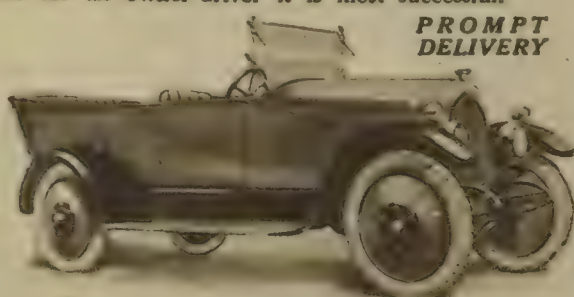
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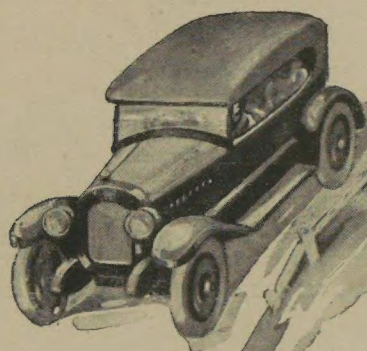
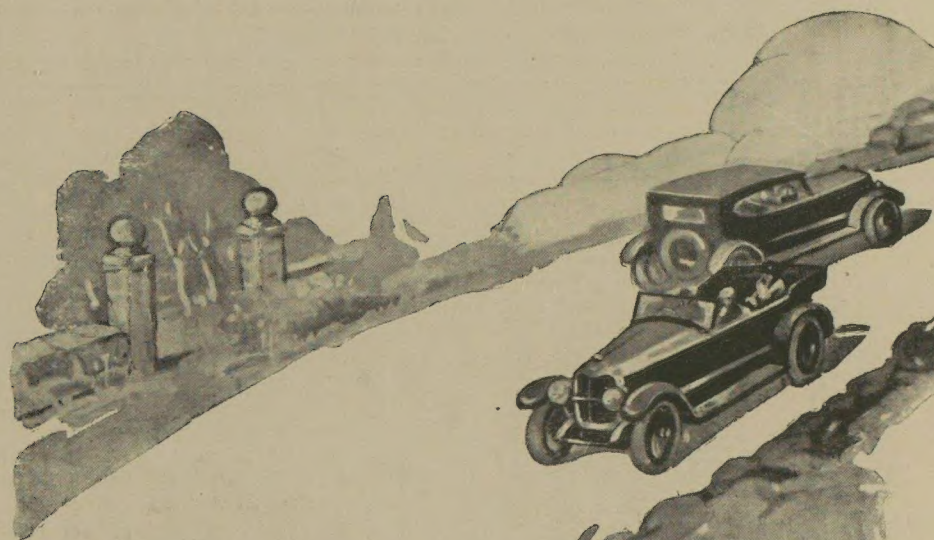
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Chassis	£400

Scripps-Booth



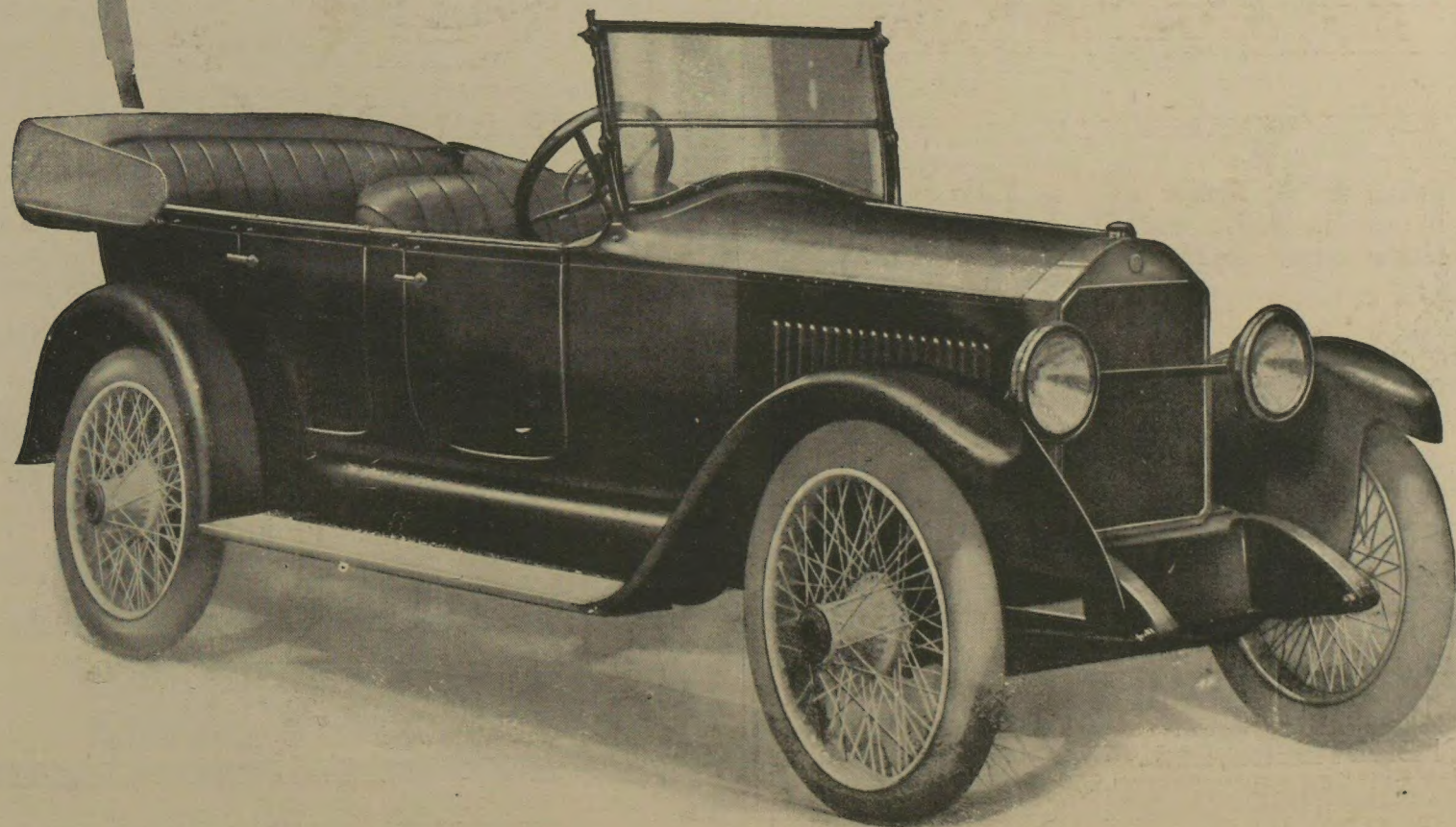
To a degree seldom realised in a light car, the Scripps-Booth combines marked individuality of design with exceptional mechanical worth.

Its distinctive body lines reflect the highest ideals of the coach builder's art, while its overhead valve, six-cylinder engine supplies steady, dependable power for every need.

Essentially a beautiful car, the Scripps-Booth embodies the more practical features of light weight, sturdy construction, and unusual economy of both tyres and fuel.

Completely equipped, including electric starting and lighting, magneto ignition, etc. Right-hand steering in all models.

GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED
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Continued.
paid the repairer the cost of the car in 1914 for setting right some possibly quite minor defects.

My experience is that some of the little men are infinitely better than these whited sepulchres who hold themselves out as employing only the best skilled labour there is. I know one little firm which is a case in point, and whom I would rather trust with my car than any of the big ones. I had occasion to watch their methods a little while ago, when they brought in a customer's car on Monday morning with all four big-ends run out. On Tuesday night at eleven o'clock I saw that engine running again, and it has been running to the great satisfaction of its owner since. The garage people had promised that it should be ready by nine o'clock on the Wednesday morning, and the two partners themselves had sat up all night to see that the promise was kept. I know what the bill was, too. I will not say what it was, but the "swagger" repairer would have laughed at the foolishness of people who are content with honest prices for honest work. I know there are good and bad in both classes. I know also which I prefer to deal with.

Successful Appeal at Reading.

At the Quarter Sessions recently held at Reading, the Automobile Association supported an appeal against two convictions by Maidenhead magistrates. It was alleged that the appellant, when driving his car in Maidenhead, failed to stop at the junction of High Street and Market Street on a signal given by a police constable on point duty, that in consequence two cyclists coming along the High Street were endangered, and that the police constable had to jump aside to save himself from being knocked over. The magistrates convicted for driving in a dangerous manner and also for failing to stop, inflicting fines of £5 in each case and endorsing the driving licence. For the appellant the evidence showed that the road was perfectly clear, that no one was endangered, that the constable waved him on, and that the car was brought to a standstill at the junction of the two roads as, owing to the position of the constable on point duty, and the length of the car, he could not turn the corner until the constable had moved out of the way. The Court decided that there was no evidence of danger and that the appellant might have mistaken the signal of the constable as a signal to proceed, and accordingly

quashed both convictions. This decision follows another successful appeal fought by the Association at the previous Quarter Sessions against an erroneous decision of the same bench of magistrates.—W. W.

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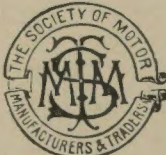
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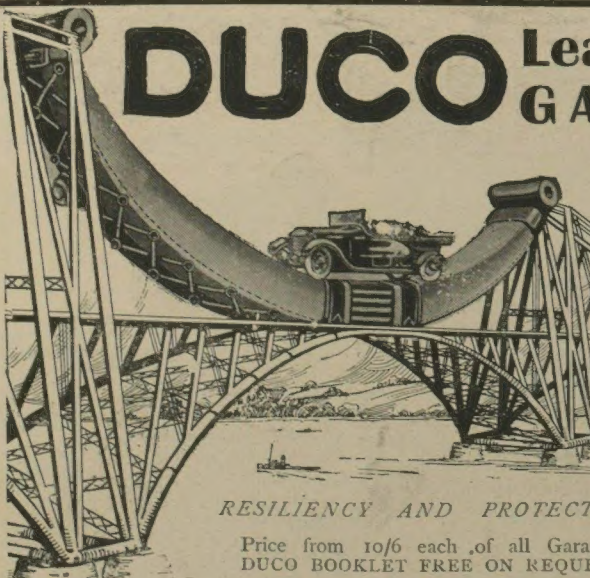
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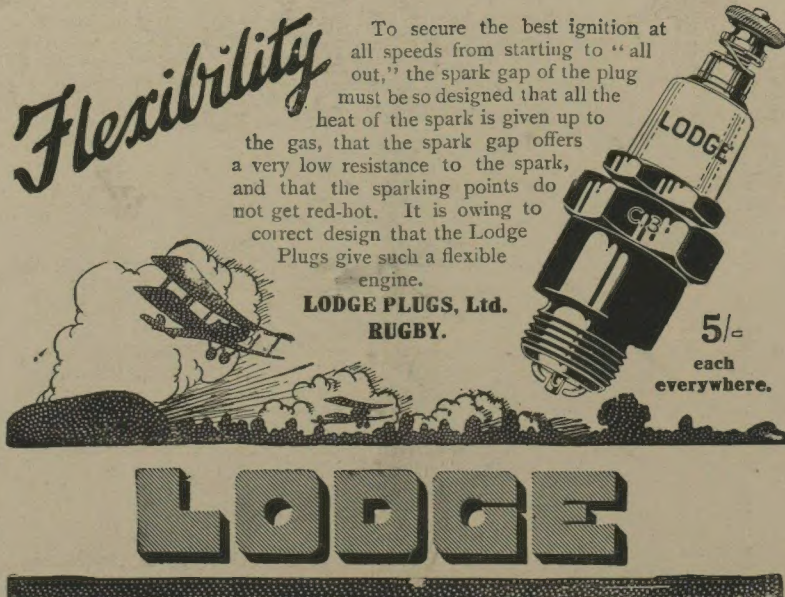


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